The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXV | NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1923 | NUMBER 455

Contents

The Week 340

Editorials

Our Obligation to Europe 343
Americanism and Coal 344
The Inflated Presidency 346

General Articles

The International Saar.....Ferdinand Schevill 348
A Plan for Subsidizing Wheat.....X. Y. 350
British Labor Looks Ahead.....R. H. Tawney 352
Death to the Golden Age.....
.....Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant 354
Academic Freedom.....Henry W. Cowper 357

Conqueror (Verse).....Herbert S. Gorman 359

A Communication 359

Correspondence 361

Books and Things.....P. L. 362

Reviews of Books

Escapade.....Robert Morss Lovett 363
The Hobo.....Harry Kemp 364
Ganges and the Harlem.....C. M. 365
From a Russian Prison....Herbert J. Seligmann 365
American Opinion of Germany.....
.....Harry Elmer Barnes 366

The Week

STRESEMAN HAS SUCCEEDED Cuno as the helpless leader of the hopeless German people. He will now attempt the impossible task which his predecessor had in turn inherited from Wirth. The change is one of personalities, not of policies. The new government is again one in which the German People's party and the United Socialists will predominate, with the Clerical and Democratic groups also represented. Stresemann, like his predecessor, is pledged to the continuance of passive resistance in the Ruhr. He hopes to stabilize finance and industry—but so did Cuno. He is against the separation of the Rhineland—so was Cuno. In negotiations with France he has the momentary advantage of not being bound by promises of defiance in speeches for home consumption; but this condition will certainly disappear if his government survives any length of time. No Chancellor could remain in power who agreed to what France wants; putting Stresemann in Cuno's place can hardly delay by so much as a week the inevitable débâcle.

HOW critical is the European situation is amply revealed by the terms of the Curzon note of August 11, made public next day. Lord Curzon virtually declares that Great Britain has abandoned all hope of persuading France to pursue a fair and reasonable course. He observes that the occupation of the Ruhr, under the French conditions, must go on for at least 36 years, and may be perpetual. The French demand for 26 billion gold marks plus whatever she must pay her Allies on war debts, he observes, means that she requires three or four times as much as she is entitled to receive under existing arrangements. The British government now frankly admits what it should have confessed long ago, that the occupation of the Ruhr is illegal under the terms of the Treaty. The action of the French not only does not produce reparations, but is rapidly diminishing Germany's ability to pay anything at all. To demand of the enemy a larger sum than can be paid is the height of unwisdom; the only practicable course is to adopt the Hughes proposal and ascertain how much Germany is in a position to pay now. Great Britain is willing to reduce her demands both from Germany and from her debtors among the Allies to a total of 14.2 billion gold marks, which is the present value of her recently funded debt to the United States. Recognizing the fact that Belgium stands firm with France, despite the more conciliatory terms of the Belgian note, Lord Curzon withdraws the offer which had been made to arrange guarantees for French and Belgian security from future military attack. He closes with a distinct threat that if France continues on her present course, Great Britain will undertake separate action to break the deadlock.

TO THIS NOTE THE Poincaré speeches of the same date were not, of course, a formal reply, though they might as well have been. The French Premier is doing everything in his power to revive the passions of war hatred. He insisted that France is pursuing a strictly logical and legal course, and that it is certain to prove successful. Germany is now defiant, as was shown by Cuno's last public speech before the fall of his government; but time is on the side of France. While this is not true in the long run, it must be admitted that as far as the ruin and dismemberment of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany are concerned, M. Poincaré is correct. The Curzon note, and the series of interchanges which preceded it, show Great Britain thoroughly angry and apprehensive; but they do not indicate that she is even yet ready to take desperate remedies in a desperate situation. By the time she is prepared to do so, the irretrievable damage will have been done.

THE STEADY DECLINE OF French and Belgian paper money, the announced details of the League of Nations disarmament scheme, and the demand of powers for an indemnity from the Peking government are the other important developments in the week's foreign news. As French and Belgian francs reach new low levels, Paris blames the British, Americans and Germans in turn for a situation which, it says, is financially and economically unjustified. Belgium has asked France for a loan of $70,000,000 with which to peg her currency—a request which is likely to be granted, for diplomatic reasons. As Curzon announces that Great Britain withdraws her proposal to guarantee French and Belgian security from attack, the League of Nations commission on disarmament adopts a compromise between the Lord Robert Cecil plan for continental guaranties and the French alternative to it. The scheme which now goes before the League Assembly provides for joint action by all the nations on any one continent, virtually outlawing war as a means of settling disputes; but the degree of disarmament by each power is to be predicated upon special treaties between itself and "one or more" other nations: a convenient device which would leave France free to arm to the teeth if she saw fit.

IN THE UNITED STATES the confusion and uncertainty resulting from the death of Mr. Harding continue to prevent any important political developments. Mr. Coolidge is being bombarded from all sides by those who seek to rush him off his feet—an effort which his native caution foredooms to failure. His most serious immediate problem is the strike of the anthracite miners, which is threatened for September 1st. The United States Coal Commission, in a special supplementary report, reëmphasizes its recommendations that the Federal government should intervene and prevent the widespread suffering which seems quite as likely this year as a year ago. Dissatisfaction in the wheat belt continues unabated. Senator Capper has asked the railroads to accept a voluntary reduction in freight rates of twenty-five per cent on wheat and flour intended for export—a request which seems about as forlorn a hope as could be imagined. The National Industrial Conference Board, which is the Pollyanna of statistical organizations, spreads the glad tidings that wages are increasing faster than prices. Its statement is partially confirmed by Professor Irving Fisher, whose private index number of prices shows the lowest mark of the year, 153 as against 168 in April.

THOSE WHO HAVE WONDERED just how Senator Moses of New Hampshire came by his cognomen, need rack their brains no longer. He is the Moses appointed to lead the Republican party out of the wilderness and his method, already announced, is to secure the nomination of President Coolidge in 1924. Twenty-four hours before the remains of Mr. Harding had been laid to rest, the Senator had announced his plan, which begins with securing the united support of New England for a New Englander. Such a declaration seems to us both absurdly premature and futile. The New Republic would be glad to see President Coolidge display hitherto unsuspected powers and merits which would make him the obvious candidate of his party next year; but no one can look at his record and say candidly that it reveals him as of Presidential calibre in his own right. It is true that occupancy of the office carries with it enormous political prestige, which is of high value to one seeking to continue in it; but the people would be certain to resent such efforts on the part of a man who attained his post by accident, and had failed in the interim to give conclusive proof that he was big enough for it. Senator Moses is at least six months too soon; and his haste is none too flattering to his candidate, implying as it does, a fear on his part that the Coolidge boom will deteriorate on his hands if it is not used at once.

OF ALL THE CANDIDATES for the nomination of one party or the other, only Senator Underwood has yet had the courage to come forward and declare himself. On the Republican side, however, there is every evidence that Senator Hiram Johnson is trembling on the brink. Even before Mr. Harding's death he had made his "welcome home" speech in New York the occasion for a defiance of the official party doctrine. His loyal friend, Mr. Hearst, had previously hinted that a third party might be necessary in 1924. When asked, "Do you mean Henry?" he replied, "I do not mean Henry." As conditions are, the race is a free-for-all, and Senator Johnson is altogether likely to be one of the first past the barrier. From certain points of view, he is a strong contender. Even the Old Guard realizes by now that the Republican candidate must have a certain air of liberality about him, and this Hiram possesses. To the rank and file he is still the Johnson who smashed the Southern Pacific machine in Califor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nia and inaugurated an excellent system of state welfare legislation. It takes far longer to kill a reputation than to make one; and if Hiram has suffered a change of heart since those days—as many political observers believe—the voter doesn't yet know it. From the machine politician's point of view, there is no evidence that his isolationist attitude will be a disadvantage next year. Johnson would be President today if he had not, in a fit of pique, refused the Vice-Presidency at Chicago when it became clear he could not head the ticket. What more natural than that he should now wish to solace himself by beating Mr. Coolidge next year?

AFTER ALL, SOMEBODY takes the prospect of a farmer-labor political alliance seriously. Its friends may not be encouraged about it, but its enemies respect it enough to advance some ingenious arguments as to why it must not be. Thus the Harriman National Bank of New York gladly proclaims that "the farmer wants to know why his dollar does not go as far as the laborer's dollar, and he is accusing the laborer of taking more and giving less than ever before." The bank then reprints this table prepared by J. S. Wanamaker, President of the American Cotton Association:

> Sixty-three and one half dozen, or 762 eggs, pay a plasterer for one day's work of eight hours.
>
> Seventeen and one half bushels of corn, or a year's receipts from half an acre, pay a bricklayer.
>
> Twenty-three chickens, weighing three pounds each, pay a painter in New York.
>
> Forty-two pounds of butter, or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked twenty-four hours, pay a plumber $14 a day.
>
> One hundred and seventy-five lbs. of hog, eight months' feeding and care, pay a carpenter.

OUR FRIENDLY ADVICE to the Harriman National Bank is to drop this effort to drive a wedge between farmer and town workers, like an extra hot potato. Any farmer who reads it is likely to say to himself: "How did labor get that way? Because it organized and demanded a fair deal. Why shouldn't I go and do likewise?" Even more calamitous: Suppose the farmer extended Mr. Wanamaker's little table to include some of his warm-hearted banking friends? A reasonable salary for the president of a big bank like the Harriman is $60,000 a year. That is the entire gross income of thirty average farms, even in good times. Such a banker earns 200 bushels of wheat every day, including those on which he takes three hours for lunch. In the course of every week he earns a year's crop of eighty acres of wheat. An important Standard Oil Company man, like Mr. Bedford or Mr. Teagle, gets at least $100,000 a year. Assuming Mr. Wanamaker's figures to be correct—and these bright little calculations which make the rounds of the press are nearly always wrong—the butter output of 330 cows is required to keep these gentry going, with no deduction for cost of operation. If such figures as these ever reach the ears of the dairy men, look out for a phalanx of embattled farmers sprinting down Wall Street, pitchfork in hand, while the advertising man for the Harriman Bank hides in the vault and regrets what he started.

THE ANTHRACITE COAL operators and miners have broken up their negotiations chiefly over the demand for the "check-off." Unless somebody gets more than usually busy, there will be a strike the first of September, with results which both miners and operators may well be afraid of, for the threat of Massachusetts manufacturers to boycott anthracite, to use soft coal and keep on using it if there is a strike is representative of the general feeling about the way the hard-coal industry handles its labor difficulties. Surely both sides will go far in compromise before they make so thorough a surrender to soft coal competitors. The operators are willing to arbitrate even the "check-off," though it seems to them "fundamentally unsound in principle and expensive to the users of anthracite in practice." The scene is set for the first appearance on a life-size stage of Mr. Coolidge in his well-known act inscrutably combining justice, firmness, and silence. The newspapers declare that he will "bar" the strike; that he "will not permit it." We shall see if the President's predisposition to firmness is invulnerable when exposed to complicated facts.

"IF I HAD MY WAY I would hang every I. W. W. in the country." This exemplary utterance is by William N. Smelzer, Chairman of the Board of Review of the Department of Labor. It recalls similar expressions of good citizenship during the war. But now we are at peace. The individuals in regard to whom Mr. Smelzer made his statement are the victims of wartime hysteria whom President Harding almost as his last official act, undertook to set free. Six of them were held by the Department of Labor on old deportation warrants. As soon as the President died the Acting Secretary of Labor, E. J. Henning, ordered these men from Leavenworth to New York for immediate deportation. One of them, J. A. McDonald, who had served eight years in the United States Army, was rushed over the border to Canada without being allowed to confer with counsel. The others are Peter Green, who came to America from Bohemia when a boy and can speak only English; Joe Graver, born in Russia, who has been here 15 years and is married to an American girl; Don Sheridan and Richard Brazier, British subjects who have lived most of their lives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in America; and James Slovik, exiled from Russia as a youth in 1905 for anti-czarist activities. They are now at Ellis Island, where only the hope of a writ of habeas corpus stands between them and exile.

THAT DEPORTATION is in defiance of President Harding's intention is obvious. Acting Secretary Henning in a letter states that "the purpose of their release from Leavenworth is deportation, and that is taking place as rapidly as possible." If this were the purpose of such release why did the President exact from these men a pledge that they remain law-abiding and loyal to the government of the United States? Why did he not place them in the class with Gray and Santilli, who were offered amnesty on the express condition that they accept deportation? Mr. Henning's attempt to secure support for his proceedings from the Department of Justice is met by a statement that it is in no way concerned in the matter. Undoubtedly the Department of Justice knows that it was the intention of President Harding to set these men free. It knows that that intention is being defeated by an official who recalls Browning's brooklet in Childe Roland: "So petty yet so spiteful."

WHAT IS THE COST price of gasoline? That is the question which must be answered, and the answer generally known, before the gasoline price-cutting war now raging in several states can yield any results to the public. Governor McMaster of South Dakota, who is leading the fight, caused 160,000 gallons to be shipped into his state and retailed at sixteen cents. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana, true to its principle "that the customers who purchased its goods should never be compelled to pay a higher price than that maintained by any competitor," has also cut the price of its gasoline to sixteen cents. A terrible howl from the independent companies, who see ruin ahead. Wanted, someone who can find out the actual cost of delivering gasoline in a given area compared with the price at which it is retailed, whether by the Standard Oil, the independents, or the state of South Dakota. Some put this figure as low as thirteen cents. Others are certain that in a war of attrition with South Dakota, the Standard will surely win out because of its inexhaustible resources. And in the East everybody who drives a car would like to see the war begin at his own refilling station.

JUST HOW FAR DOES the United States government intend to go in protecting its investors abroad? The anguished howls of American investors in Cuban railways and harbor developments over the Tarafa bill lend immediate point to this inquiry. These investors assert that the bill, which proposes a consolidation of Cuban railroads, would wipe out their property "for no justifiable purpose." If this is true, they unquestionably have a grievance. One is still permitted to ask a few questions, however. Was the danger of such confiscation, or other hazards of similar character, provisioned when the investments were made? Did such dangers perhaps have something to do with fixing the interest rate? Is the United States government being asked to do something which it would not dream of doing in the case of a power equal in size and strength to itself? And finally: If these demands should eventually result, as is not impossible, in the sending of American troops to Cuba to enforce our legitimate claims, will the American investors agree that they themselves and their adult sons shall be present as privates in the front rank of the first company which is sent ashore?

THE GREAT POWERS produced an unusually transparent bit of "diplomatic strategy" last week. On Friday it was earnestly announced that a naval demonstration was being planned in Chinese waters for the purpose of impressing upon the naughty Oriental the majesty and might of Western civilization. On Saturday we were informed of the demands of sixteen powers upon the pathetic remnant of the Peking government. These demands approximate $8,000 for each of the kidnapped foreigners. The removal of several officials judged guilty of negligence is also demanded, and China is sternly told that measures must be taken to insure the safety of foreign property and lives in future.

Our Obligation to Europe

A GROUP of distinguished British liberals have addressed an eloquent and stirring appeal to "the large body of like minded men and women in America" for aid in undoing the harm and preventing the ruin which the post-war treaties are visiting on Europe. The signers of this letter include William Archer, Arnold Bennett, John Drinkwater, A. G. Gardiner, Prof. L. T. Hobhouse, J. H. Hobson, J. M. Keynes, Earl Loreburn, J. Ramsey MacDonald, H. W. Massingham, Gilbert Murray, Sir Horace Plunkett, Maude Royden, Mrs. Philip Snowden and Graham Wallas. They ask not for economic aid, but for "a closer common understanding and sympathy upon other aspects of the situation." Nearly all of these distinguished men "believed and hoped that the lessons of the war would somehow liberate forces of reason and goodwill adequate to redress any excesses in the operation of a dictated peace so as to make possible a pacific restoration of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Europe. Such beliefs and hopes have now disappeared. . . . The peace is not yet made. We ask America's help in its making. We believe that America can, in that making, impose terms by which the future of the world history shall bear the clear impress of a just and clear-sighted view of the needs of a distracted world, and of the sane policies which should guide its statecraft."

No fair-minded American dare treat this appeal with indifference or neglect. The moderation of the language and its scrupulous candor of spirit do not conceal the urgency of the plea nor the signatories' apprehension of a rapidly approaching crisis which threatens the foundations of European public order. The New Republic devoutly wishes that this appeal might arouse in the United States an increase of intelligent and anxious interest in Europe sufficient to bring about the kind of active participation in European politics for which the British liberals ask; but we are unfortunately bound to add that there is not the slightest chance at any time in the near future of a salutary reformation in the attitude of the effective public opinion of America towards Europe. The enormous majority of Americans whose state of mind determines the policy of the government will never even read the plea; and if they did read it they would neither accept the truth of its alarmed report about the condition of Europe, nor recognize any obligation to take part in allaying the crisis.

The English appeal explains the inability of Europe to deal with the crisis on the ground that the efforts and sufferings of the war seem to have left an aftermath of spiritual lethargy which makes Europe incapable of coping successfully by her unaided moral resources with the devastating ravages of fear and hate. They imply that in this respect the United States was more fortunate than Europe. Would that we could agree with them! The sufferings and efforts of the American people during the war were far smaller than those of the European belligerent peoples, but the former did not for that reason escape the "devastating ravages of fear and hate." On the contrary, the American people abandoned themselves to an orgy of hatred and savage intolerance which no European nation surpassed. As soon as they embarked upon belligerency they were driven by the very artificiality of their own relations to the grim European realities of the war, to prove convincingly their loyalty and good will, and they went about it by doing their best to reproduce in their own heads the European state of mind. They absorbed eagerly the official propaganda about the utter depravity of the Germans, the necessity of a decisive military victory which would leave the enemy prostrate, and the justification of giving way to the most vindictive and impassioned hatred provided it would help to bring about the victory. Their yielding to this passionate obsession was much more harmful to their moral vitality than it was to that of any European people. The fear and hatred of European nations for one another are pernicious facts, but they are born of injuries which have been dealt and received and they are associated with some of the deepest motives in their several national traditions. The American people possessed no such justification for yielding to hatred. When they did yield they muffled one of the indispensable chords in the harmony of their national traditions. They have a more compelling reason for being spiritually lethargic than have the peoples of Europe.

It will take a long time for the American people to recover from the orgy of hatred and glorification of violence to which under European tutelage they succumbed during the war. We say it with regret and chagrin, but is it not perfectly clear that the American people are quite incapable just at present of supplying to Europe the spiritual re-enforcement of which the latter is, according to these English liberals, so much in need? Although it was, as they state, politically and economically disinterested motives which brought America into the war, her furious imitation of the state of mind of her European associates soon deprived her of her moral and intellectual disinterestedness. She is paralyzed for constructive participation in European policies by the consequences of this deprivation. The great majority of Americans simply will not and cannot believe that the policy of victorious France is, as the English liberals declare, proving disastrous to European civilization. They still believe, as they were taught to believe during the war, that the United States has already saved civilization by helping France and Great Britain to win a decisive military victory. This conclusion emancipates them from the obligation of further interference in Europe; and they will not be persuaded to intervene to save civilization again, until they can actually see it crashing to the ground and until they have forgotten or unlearned a large part of what they were supposed to learn during the hectic months of their crusade to Europe.

Americanism and Coal

THE United States Coal Commission owes its existence to the interest of the public in one aspect of the coal situation—the regular supply of an essential commodity at a reasonable price. The Commission has, in its comprehensive survey, recognized another phase of public interest—the maintenance in one of our largest industries of conditions which are compatible with that form of political civilization represented by the Constitution of the United States, and much discussed at the present day under the term Americanism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accordingly the Commission invited "the United Mine Workers of America, the owners and operators of the mines, and the public generally," to submit to it "specific charges of the denial to any American citizen of any right guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States, the acts of Congress, and the decisions of the courts thereunder," with definite information as to time, place, circumstances, witnesses, and any legal action taken. In response to this invitation "the public generally," represented by a committee known as the Committee of Inquiry on Coal and Civil Liberties, has submitted a full report, amply documented, based on investigations conducted in the field by Winthrop D. Lane and Professor Jerome Davis, of Dartmouth College, and signed by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School, as Chairman.

The Committee presents not only evidence of specific instances of the violation of civil rights of individuals, but also "documents showing general conditions existing in coal mining communities which tend to deprive people of their commonly accepted civil and legal rights." One of the most important sections of the report deals with the condition arising out of the relation of landlord and tenant which exists between the operating companies and their workmen. The Committee submits eighteen leases used by coal companies, seventeen from Pennsylvania, which show the kind and degree of control exercised by the companies as landlords over their employees. The first form of such control is exercised by means of restrictions placed upon the use of the premises by the tenants. In a lease used by the H. C. Frick Coke Company, the tenant agrees to recognize the limitation to members of his immediate family of the right of ingress and egress to or from the property. In other leases the Company reserves the right to eject from the streets, lands, alleys and open spaces of the town, all persons objectionable to it.

No document, however, is so eloquent of intention as the lease of the W. J. Rainey Company, which specifies, as those whom the tenant may invite to penetrate to his house, "physicians, draymen moving Lessee and his family belongings into said premises or away from the same, and undertakers with hearse, carriages and drivers, and friends, in case of the death of the Lessee or any member of his family." When in addition to the restrictions upon free communication involved in such agreements the Committee recalls the fact that the towns concerned are in many cases entirely the property of the operating company, with stores, theatres, schools, churches, public utilities and even the post office owned by the company or operated by its employees, the question is raised in acute form whether the condition of control under which the workers live is worthy of freemen and American citizens.

A second kind of control, even more sinister in its implications, is the enforced waiving of legal rights by the tenant-worker. In Pennsylvania a definite form of proceeding is specified, by which a landlord may regain possession of rented premises. In every lease submitted by the Committee the tenant is obliged to surrender the benefit of this legal protection, and quit the premises on notice at periods varying from ten days to "forthwith." It is usual to compel the tenant to admit the landlord as sole judge of his rights under the lease; and in the case of the H. C. Frick Company, the tenant is obliged to sign away all right of appeal in case of loss or damage, even by error. The tenant surrenders his day in court. As the report grimly remarks: "The Pennsylvania Courts are ousted of jurisdiction." This right of ejection is the terrible weapon which the companies so ruthlessly exercised last year against their employees in Somerset and Fayette Counties when they attempted to join the United Mine Workers in their general strike. The Committee gives the number of ejectments in various counties—in Fayette 4,138 families; in Somerset 783, in Westmoreland 858, in Washington 112. Here again it is clear that a system by whose operation a man shall lose his home as soon as he loses his job is inimical to conditions under which American manhood and citizenship can flourish.

A third feature of the report is the exposure of the practice in coal-producing states of having the deputy sheriffs paid, armed, and used by the operating companies. This practice was the root of the long continued disorders in West Virginia. It has the effect of placing the authority of the government in the hands of one party to an industrial dispute, and converting a strike automatically into civil war. The extent to which this state of things prevails is shown by the Committee's figures. The sheriff of Somerset County stated that he had between five and six hundred deputies paid by the coal operators; the sheriff of Fayette County stated that from April 1, 1922, to July 17, 1923, he commissioned 6,180 deputies for the companies, of whom about 2,500 were employed at one time. The Committee seems justified in asking whether such a system is not "a threat against the impartial application of law and the fair maintenance of civil rights."

The section on injunctions in coal strikes brings to light the granting of such an instrument by the United States District Court for the Souhern District of West Virginia forbidding the United Mine Workers to furnish shelter (in tents) or provisions to evicted strikers in Mingo County. This would appear to condemn to death or grave suffering by exposure and starvation the families of men who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had left their jobs. The last section of the report is devoted to the employment of the National Guard in Alabama to break a strike by prohibiting meetings, assemblies, or speeches of whatever sort, even the regular business meetings of union locals. This is a flagrant case of the use of the power of government to deprive one party to an industrial dispute of its rights under the Constitutions of the state and the nation.

Altogether the report raises as one of the factors of the coal situation the issue of Americanism in its most elementary and vital form. Comment by us would be superfluous. That may be left to the Coal Commission to which the report is addressed. But we congratulate the "public" on the high patriotic service which Professor Chafee's committee has rendered in its name.

The Inflated Presidency

WARREN HARDING'S death, while it is due in part to one of those unfortunate accidents which may overtake the healthiest of men, is not by any means entirely an accident. The soil was prepared. The fatigues and anxieties of his great office had already undermined his strength, and his diminished vitality deprived him of the power of resistance with which to counteract such a malignant infection. It is not much of an exaggeration to say that he died of being president.

His death under these circumstances has naturally raised the question whether the strains of the presidential office are not becoming too burdensome for any but a person of almost inhuman vitality. A conscientious president cannot help over-working. The law imposes on him a colossal number of petty tasks, connected for the most part with the disposition of patronage, which alone would take most of the time of an able-bodied man; and in addition he has more people to see, more speeches to deliver, more letters to write, more decisions to make and a heavier burden of personal and public responsibility to assume than any other man in America or Europe. The reformers propose, consequently, the establishment by law of an assistant president, who could assume a large part of the petty detail which absorbs so much of the president's energy, and enable the latter to save himself for the really important part of his official work.

Congress will, we hope, adopt a proposal of this kind at its next session. It is absurd for the President of the United States to put in such a large part of his time on essentially clerical work. But this remedy, although desirable, will not be sufficient. The really fatal strains of the presidential office do not arise from the multiplicity of its labors. The trouble with the office is less that it demands too much work than that it demands so many different kinds of work. It imposes on its occupant an amount of power and a degree of responsibility which only an infinitesimally small number of men and women are capable of carrying. It was approximately twenty years ago that the two agencies which theretofore had shared the chief responsibility of American government with the presidency, viz., Congress and the party system, began to decay. Their infirmities rapidly and enormously increased the power and responsibility which attached to the presidency. The office began to demand of its incumbent a combination of executive efficiency with legislative initiative and popular leadership which only a political genius could possess and for which American politics could not devise any sufficient preparation in experience. The presidency had become literally a monstrous office. It condemned its occupant to a choice between playing hypocritically the part of a Caesar or else of abdicating a large part of his power.

The first President who was stirred to inflate himself to the size of this monstrous job, Theodore Roosevelt, came nearer to filling it than any of his successors. He possessed enormous energy, a prodigious appetite both for power and responsibility, an indefatigable initiative and in the beginning a genuine gift for obtaining the loyal cooperation of able associates. It looked at the moment as if this new model of the presidency would supply the American people with the kind of leadership which they needed during the vicissitudes of their transition from an agrarian into an industrial community. It looked as if the presidency might develop a kind of anti-septic Caesarism which would prove to be compatible both with representative government and democracy. For Mr. Roosevelt used the incomparable prestige and opportunities of his office wisely and effectively. He undermined the power of the political and big business camarillas which were trying to mold the American nation into an unabashed plutocracy. He broke down the obstacles to a new era of progress by teaching the American people that they would fulfill their national destiny not by standing pat but by consciously moving forward.

As long as he remained in office, there seemed to be no reason for serious misgivings about the expansion which the office of president had received during Mr. Roosevelt's two terms. But after he retired his own behavior and that of his successor impaired this optimism. Mr. Roosevelt himself began to exhibit the excessive confidence in himself and the morbid suspicion of any one who succeeded to his job which has usually overtaken retired or superseded Caesars. The presidency had gone to his head. It had cultivated the robust egotism which in the beginning was a source of strength

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into an exaggerated self-importance which became a fatal source of weakness, frustration and futility. Like Bismarck after 1890 he could not tolerate the spectacle of another man seated in the chair which he himself had filled so completely. His intolerance injured the natural kindliness and generosity of his disposition and disposed him to anger, vociferation and a politics of recrimination. His fits of ill-temper undermined his health. He did not die of being president, but he died the sooner because, after having been president, he could not live happily in any minor capacity.

His immediate successor, William Howard Taft, realized the dangerous overgrowth of the presidential office and its tendency to cultivate a kind of political sadism in its occupants. He did his best to deflate the institution. He was a lazy man with a wish for social relaxation and he did not propose to lead the strenuous life. He turned over a large part of the power which Mr. Roosevelt had exercised to his cabinet or to the leaders of his party in Congress. He obtained by these means leisure but not peace. Cabinet officers like Ballinger landed him in hot water and the leaders of his party in Congress provoked the most serious insurrection which had ever disturbed the kingdom of Republicanism. He failed to deflate the presidency. By attempting to do so he ruined his administration and left a record behind him as one of the smallest of the many small men who had been chosen to occupy the office.

Woodrow Wilson was, like Mr. Roosevelt, eager for power and responsibility and utterly confident of his own ability to exercise it wisely. His experience in office, the enormous increase of power which the advent of war conferred on the Executive and his early brilliant successes increased his self-confidence, his impatience of opposition and his willingness to play a lone hand. He was by nature more of an autocrat even than Mr. Roosevelt and during his second term the presidency developed for a while into a practically complete dictatorship. As long as the dictatorship was successful, Mr. Wilson throve, but there came a time when the exercise of so much power intoxicated him and tempted him to impose his personal will upon a manifestly reluctant Congress and nation. He failed and the failure broke him down. His career as president ruined his health, not because he over-worked, but because of the chagrin and mortification which the desertion of him by the American people brought to his overstrained, arrogant and self-involved spirit.

Mr. Harding, like Mr. Taft, assumed office with every intention of deflating the presidency. He undertook the job conscientiously and not unintelligently. He proposed less to abdicate his extra-legal powers, as did Mr. Taft, than to exercise them in a spirit of conciliation and forebearance. He hoped that if he kept the machine thoroughly lubricated, it would drive itself. But instead it skidded all over the road, and again and again Mr. Harding escaped a bad accident only by shutting off the power. His repeated failures did not teach him what the trouble was and even if he had known, he lacked entirely the temperament and self-importance which would have disposed him to play at Caesarism. He could only grieve at his own failures and the ingratitude of the world and delude himself with the hope that it was not as bad as it looked. His amiable ambition had already died before his body, and if his body had survived, its survival would only have prolonged the agony.

If there is any truth in the foregoing analysis, the presidency is an overgrown office which condemns most of its occupants either to arrogance or impotence. Yet they themselves are powerless to deflate it and only ruin themselves by trying. Neither can Congress accomplish its deflation by a statutory diminution of some of its burdens. Under existing conditions positive and consistent leadership, if we are to have it at all, must come from the President. Yet few Presidents can try to act as the father and leader of their people without themselves becoming sooner or later the victims of a delusion of grandeur. What's the answer? Many intelligent Americans expect to find it in some adaptation to American conditions of the distributed responsibilities of British parliamentary and cabinet government. The writer once agreed with them, but agrees with them no longer. The inflation of the presidency is a disease of one organ of the American political body, but it is symptomatic of a deeper and more widespread malady. What the American nation is really suffering from is too much politics and particularly from too much power politics. The cure lies not merely in deflating the presidency, but in renewing the vitality of the social and economic agencies which formerly dispensed with political support and are quite capable of dispensing with it again.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1923, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK. HERBERT CROLY, PRES. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS. DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON R. M. LOVETT STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY R. H. TAWNEY
DAVID FRIDAY H. N. BRAILSFORD LEO WOLMAN

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The International Saar

THE Saar is a tiny area and does not often break into print. Recently the unusual happened, and the Saar, tucked quietly away among the hills, not only filtered into the news but actually surged all over the floor of the House of Commons. The occasion was a measure of the Governing Commission which threatened every inhabitant daring to cast discredit on the Commission itself, the Treaty of Versailles, or the League of Nations with a heavy money fine and a prison term of five years, a revival of lèse-majesté in its most hateful form. The British Commons registered a comprehensible indignation at this denial of the most elemental human liberties, and Mr. Asquith challenged his hearers to search the annals of history for "a more monstrous specimen of despotic legislation."

Perhaps the time has come to have a look at this Saar district, set up by the Treaty of Versailles as a domain of the League of Nations and accepted by the League sponsors as a happy means for applying the acid test to the new international forum. What happened at Paris touching the Saar we now know in detail from several leading insiders, from Messrs. Tardieu and Haskins, representatives respectively of France and the United States on the committee charged with drafting the Saar articles, and, with less diplomatic window-dressing, from Mr. Ray S. Baker, intimate of President Wilson and chief of the American publicity service at Paris. The Saar articles record a drawn battle: the French got the one object of value, the mines, as payment on reparations' account, but were denied the political control. To give this Solomonic verdict effect the German sovereignty was transferred for a period of fifteen years to the League of Nations and the actual government confided to a commission of five members to be named by the League Council. Delivered without their consent into the safekeeping of an alien body, the inhabitants were invited to find comfort in the promise that they might, at the end of fifteen years, decide their political fate by means of a general referendum. Mitigation of the possible tyranny of the governing commission was secured by making it responsible to the League. Other articles liberally guaranteed the maintenance of the German laws and courts, the German civil servants, and the German schools. The preservation of order was left to a local gendarmerie and there was to be no military service either voluntary or compulsory. In fact, the Saar was to be a little island paradise set in the angry European sea. That at least is the hope which the American committee member, Professor Haskins, has repeatedly voiced with the complacent magnanimity of the true Wilsonian. And he is less proud of his own participation in a great work than he is of the fact that through him liberal America has been enabled to give utterance to its beloved battle-cry of internationalism.

However, on turning to our other American witness, to Mr. Baker, Professor Haskins's rosy Saar picture suddenly and disastrously turns drab. Mr. Baker has the advantage of being even more of an insider than Professor Haskins, for during the great and decisive crisis of the Paris conference he lived with President Wilson almost as his alter ego, sharing with him his most intimate thoughts. The crisis which almost broke up the conference was, as we now know, precipitated by the extravagant French territorial claims over which nationalism and internationalism obdurately locked horns through their respective champions, Clemenceau and Wilson. Finally, to bring the hopeless deadlock to a settlement, they concentrated on the relatively unimportant Saar issue, and—President Wilson saved his face but lost the battle. Refusing to take comfort in empty words, the undiplomatic Mr. Baker affirms his chief's rout in unambiguous terms: "The Saar settlement, for all the safeguards with which it is surrounded, was forced into the existing form by the French desire for annexation rather than by an impartial attempt to apply the principles of the peace."

No sooner had Clemenceau won his victory in the council chamber than he carried it into the field. If he did not acquire an outright title to the Saar, he had gained a golden opportunity with an assured life of fifteen years. The crux of the situation was the Governing Commission of Five. It was to be appointed by the League Council and, as a concession to the defeated President, to be diffusely international. Clemenceau, who may or may not be a tiger, undeniably is, as an ancient parliamentarian, a very clever fox who knows the value of a fait accompli. He called M. Rault, his most capable prefect, into his presence and then and there raised him to the purple. "I appoint you president of the Saar." As simply as that. We owe the precious detail to still another insider, M. Lauzanne, editor of Le Matin, who goes on to recount that when the League Council met it tried to ignore the appointment, thereby obliging the French delegate, M. Bourgeois, to ply the members for hours on end with his most feminine cajoleries before they were made to see the light. Worn out at last the Council agreed to play the part of French rubber stamp.

It was an auspicious start. Clemenceau and his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prefect understood each other. What should a French prefect, a trained department head, be sent into the Saar for, if not for the purpose of effecting its transformation, with the least possible delay, into a neat little French department? Having confirmed M. Rault as head of the government, the League proceeded to elect four associates in whom he might reasonably be expected to delight. The native Saar delegate, required by the treaty, was a difficulty. However, with a few tactful touches, which it was perfectly safe to leave to the mother-wit of a climbing prefect, the German might be made to feel that he was a rude boche intruder, out of his element among so many sniffing and high-minded foreigners. Sure enough, amply acquainted after a few weeks with the French game he was expected to play, he resigned and was promptly replaced by the expert Rault's hand-picked candidate. The happy family was complete.

Whatever else may be said of M. Rault, he is a tireless worker. From the moment he set foot in the Saar he has been enthusiastically on the job—the entirely congenial job of transferring the international Saar to French sovereignty. He is not troubled by the wishes of the inhabitants and he takes his orders exclusively from Paris. Of course, owing to the treaty, certain forms have to be observed and, besides, the institutions and culture of the solidly German population cannot be destroyed overnight. Nor is such magical speed necessary, for the generous Versailles instrument concedes a period of fifteen years for the great work of disintegrating the native institutions and demoralizing the population.

The prompt first step of the French chief was to invite a French force to occupy the valley. A French army in an international territory!—comment is unnecessary except to recall that the treaty expressly secures to the inhabitants, as the *sole* legitimate means of maintaining order, a local gendarmerie. It has never even been organized. When, in the summer of 1920, some of the local public services indicated their displeasure by going on strike, M. Rault declared martial law, handed over his authority to a French general, and gleefully sat by while some two hundred judges, teachers, postal and railroad chiefs, constituting the intellectual élite of the little district, were seized by the scruff of the neck and tossed, like rats, across the border into Germany. Only when "order" had been restored did M. Rault reappear from behind his hedge of bayonets and resume command. His next measures, for which the loosely drafted Saar articles could be made to provide some sort of legal basis, was to introduce French schools and to replace the German mark with the French franc. But, alive to the advantage of winning the hearts of the inhabitants, he was not uniformly cold and severe. Having stamped the ground and frowned like Mars, he would relent and beam forth like a beneficent Apollo. But did he win the population to the French cause he represented? Let us again hear the patriotic M. Lauzanne, who visited the Saar in the autumn of 1922 and communicated his impressions to Le Matin. Do the French interests march in the valley? "I will speak frankly. They do not march, they cannot march," because . . . and he enumerates the overwhelming obstacles: clergy, teachers, people, press are all passionately German. The press is the object of his particular indignation, for whether the paper be socialist, capitalist, or clerical, it "attacks, criticizes, and defames every measure of the Governing Commission and every decision of the League of Nations."

When in January of this year the French launched their Ruhr adventure, the situation in the Saar straightway began to reflect the general German agitation. The Saar pivots on the coal industry, and when the miners struck, not only did all coal deliveries to France cease but all the wheels of local industry came to a dead stop. Ostensibly the miners struck for the economic end of higher pay, but may it not have been that they were moved by secret sympathy for their brothers of the Ruhr? M. Rault, like all tyrants, is suspicious and quick to take alarm. There was altogether too much criticism—at street corners, in beer halls, in the press, yes, above all, in the press. These Saar boches stopped at nothing. He would show them who was master. So on March 13th, he cut his tremors short by issuing his famous ukase declaring the League of Nations, the Treaty of Versailles, and Himself sacrosanct. When, in April, his measure came up in the League Council, that body listened patiently to a protest of the Swedish delegate (Branting) and then, proudly remembering its international mission, motioned to the clerk to bring on the rubber stamp. Thus was M. Rault justified.

Early in July the League Council held another meeting and Lord Robert Cecil, representative of Great Britain, promptly brought up the troubles of the Saar. Nothing loath M. Hanotaux, in behalf of France, took up the challenge, and while Britain and France wrangled, the rest of the League family sat by like frightened children suddenly confronted with the shameful spectacle of the open disagreement of their parents.

France, having consented to an investigation which she could not avoid, manouevred successfully to have it take place at Geneva instead of in the Saar—which meant, naturally, hand-picked witnesses and a foregone conclusion. Indeed, Lord Robert Cecil conducted the inquiry for the Council of the League so mildly, and the report which followed was so placatory, that more than one ob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

server remarked that Great Britain did not propose to upset the frying pan in the Saar while she had such important fish to fry in the Ruhr. The scandalous order of March 13th having already been cancelled in favor of a milder, though still unsatisfactory, version, the Assembly committee "upheld" the Saar commission. The French troops, it was stated, would be progressively withdrawn "as conditions warranted this action."

Naturally such whitewashing as this could not go unchallenged. Since then the Canadian member of the Saar Commission, Mr. R. D. Waugh, is reported to have resigned. Great Britain is planning, it is said, with the aid of the Scandinavian countries, to reopen the matter—this time before the League Assembly next month. The cynics are thereby caused to observe that evidently the Ruhr fish have turned out to be unfryable. Meanwhile, M. Rault continues to hold the fort, bravely persisting, in spite of manifold discouragements, in his star rôle of international pacificator.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

A Plan for Subsidizing Wheat

OUR farmers want their wheat prices stabilized. The crop situation on the American continent, in Europe, and in India, is such that the price has fallen below a dollar in the Chicago market, and to about eighty cents on the farms in Kansas and Nebraska. The farmer feels that this is less than his cost of production, so we have vociferous demands that something be done to raise the price of wheat and stabilize it.

Probably a price of $1.25 in the Chicago market and a corresponding price of more than a dollar on the farm would relieve the situation. It would give the wheat farmer an additional twenty-five cents a bushel for his output. He would not realize this gain on the entire 800,000,000 bushels which he will produce. About 90,000,000 bushels will be used for seed, and another 15,000,000 will be fed or lost, so that only a little over 700,000,000 bushels will be sold. Of this about 200,000,000 bushels will go abroad. The remaining 500,000,000 will be consumed in this country. Since the farmers constitute about thirty percent of the population they will presumably eat 150,000,000 bushels of it themselves. The rest of us will buy the other 350,000,000 bushels.

If wheat were stabilized at $1.25 in the Chicago market it would put some $90,000,000 in the farmers' pockets at the expense of the American consumers. It would probably not be possible to stabilize the price for export wheat at $1.25. In fact, any feasible plan for stabilization would involve dumping at least a part of our 200,000,000 bushels of exportable surplus upon the foreign market at whatever price it would bring. In view of the world wheat supply and of Europe's depleted purchasing power, this surplus would in all likelihood have to be sold for twenty-five cents per bushel less than the stabilized price here proposed. This would involve a loss of fifty million dollars to someone in order to put an additional twenty-five cents per bushel into the wheat-grower's pocket for some 550,000,000 bushels. If anyone could be found who would be willing to stand the immediate burden of the loss involved in the dumping operation, it would be possible to raise $14,000,000, the amount which the farmer gets for the wheat which he does not sow, feed or consume.

Naturally there are demands that the government intervene to accomplish this. But it is not at all likely that anything will come of that suggestion. It was clear that President Harding would refuse to call a special session for the purpose. There is no likelihood that President Coolidge will do so. So we shall have no special session to stabilize the price of the 1923 wheat crop. Nothing but a special session could bring action in time to accomplish any tangible results. By the time the new Congress meets and organizes, frames and passes a bill, and gets machinery into operation, the wheat crop of 1923 will have passed out of the hands of the farmer. So there is no hope for legislative action to that end this year.

Yet it would be an interesting experiment to attempt the stabilization of wheat prices. And nothing short of an experiment will ever convince the great mass of our growers that it would not be a success. The financial journals of the East may refute the notion with the most faultless logic. But their utterances are received in Kansas with nothing better than a contemptuous sniff. "If it comes from Wall Street that is enough; I don't believe it," were the words of a descendant of the Mayflower now domiciled in Kansas. This attitude is a typical one. These people are scientifically minded. They do not want argument, but proof, and to them the accepted method of proof in science is experiment. This is a rich country; it would probably not cost the government more than fifty million dollars to stabilize the price of this year's wheat crop at $1.25 in the Chicago market. An excess profits tax, if reenacted, at a flat rate of 20 percent on profits in excess of eight percent on capital would yield $250,000,000. To a wheat-belt farmer the use of excess profits for the purpose of carrying out such an experiment is of all conceivable uses the most proper.

If the government were to undertake this ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periment it would have to buy 200,000,000 bushels of wheat at a cost of $250,000,000. It would not store this and hold it indefinitely, for with our wheat acreage there is no need of storing wheat against lean years. It would sell upon foreign markets. The loss on the operation would be covered from public funds. Unquestionably this operation would break the price abroad, and would work hardship upon the wheat growers of Canada, Australia, and India. Our tariff on wheat would prevent the import of the grain. Incidentally, the lowered price in the European markets would have the effect of discouraging wheat acreage in other countries for next season.

But looked at from the hard-headed practical point of view, stabilization of this year's crop must remain a vain dream. The administration at Washington is disinclined to call a special session, and the threats of the senators from the grain country will not change this situation. The stabilizing of wheat prices with government revenues can therefore be dismissed.

Nor will the Farm Bureau Federation raise fifty million dollars to put through the experiment. Since its members are to benefit from the operation, it would be most fitting and proper that they should finance the venture. But there is slight likelihood that this could be done, and practical certainty that it will not be done. To raise fifty million dollars from the members of the Farm Bureau Federation would require an expensive and time-consuming campaign. There is little probability that it would be possible to collect an average of fifty dollars in cash from each of one million members of the Federation in time to stabilize the price of this year's crop.

What is needed to make the experiment a success at the lowest cost is some competent organization which has fifty million dollars immediately at its disposal. We can think of only one practical suggestion. Henry Ford, on his sixtieth birthday, tells us, that he is willing to spend millions for facts. This is his opportunity. Let him undertake to stabilize the American wheat crop at $1.25 on the American market, and discover the facts as to the feasibility of such an undertaking.

No one knows today what the effect of such a stabilization of prices would be upon acreage and output. Nor do we know how much wheat it would be necessary to bring under central control to accomplish the end. Mr. Ford could put us clear in this matter.

But, you ask, why should Mr. Ford spend fifty million dollars for the sake of putting $140,000,000 into the pockets of the wheat-grower at the expense of the consumers in our own country and at a loss to himself? Such an act would seem like sheer folly to most men. Well, the wise men of the earth have called Mr. Ford a fool before now; the fact that he has given the lie to these accusations of folly so many times is probably the inmost secret of his hold upon the imagination of the common man today. "One of his greatest assets," said a shrewd corporation president in Wall Street the other day, "is his freedom from the inhibitions of tradition. He is absolutely untrammeled by the fear of the phrase 'it has never been done that way.'" Whether you talk to farmers at a Nebraska Farmers' Week or to the man in Wall Street who has really accomplished things himself, Ford's ability to do the things which have been considered impossible is the trait that commands the admiration of every American who has not developed an anti-Ford complex.

The task of stabilizing the price of American wheat at $1.25 is no more formidable than seemed the task of maintaining a five-dollar wage scale in January, 1914, when it was first inaugurated. Yet that has not ruined Henry Ford. It has paid for itself in advertising alone, many people say. In fact, there are men so carping that they believe that the whole thing was a selfish advertising scheme from the beginning. He has accomplished what seemed impossible. True, the rising level of prices and of general wages which accompanied the war has made it easier for him to maintain this scale of wages. But a reduced acreage abroad and poor crop conditions here might make it easy for him to maintain a $1.25 price next year. Such things happened after the depression of the seventies, and again after the depression of the nineties. It is entirely possible that they would come to Mr. Ford's rescue in 1924.

But fifty million dollars, you say, is an immense amount of money. True, but Henry Ford has several times paid approximately that amount to the federal government in excess profits taxes. Even if he lost it entirely in this venture, it would neither greatly inconvenience him nor affect the size of his fortune in an important degree.

In fact, the more we think it over the firmer the conviction grows that Mr. Ford ought to put on this gigantic experiment for the benefit of the American wheat farmer in particular and for the illumination of economists in general. It is exactly the sort of thing we have come to expect of him. When he was an obscure mechanic in Detroit he believed that you could have a horseless carriage. People called him a fool and a dreamer. Then one day he chugged up the street in an automotive contraption and ran afoul of the law.

He believed that the thing could be made financially practicable. The wise business men of Detroit were convinced that he was a fool. They knew the principles which underlay financial success. They could tell you the lines upon which all sound business must be promoted and developed.

After the automobile had been made fool-proof so that a driver who knew next to nothing about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its mechanism could operate it for days and weeks with practically no trouble; and after its manufacture and sale had become a successful commercial venture, Ford decided that he would reduce the price from approximately one thousand dollars to about half that amount. It sounded like a fairy tale. But he did it, tapping layer after layer of new demand as he went down the price scale. And profits grew constantly.

Then, having reduced the price of his output to a ridiculously low level, he announced his intention of paying every employe five dollars per day. It electrified the industrial world, and bred a hatred against him which has not yet subsided. That is his one act which the great mass of old-time industrial leaders have never been able to forgive.

After the war and during the early days of the depression, when everyone was wondering what could be done to revive business, he suggested that it might best be accomplished by restoring prices to their pre-war level. On the face of it the suggestion seemed utterly preposterous. Wages were on a new level, as were the prices of most materials. Yet Ford automobiles went back to pre-war prices, and other makes followed his example. The automobile is one of the few commodities of first-rate importance which is selling at pre-war prices today.

When he borrowed seventy-five million dollars to buy out his partners, and was overtaken by the industrial depression, it seemed as though he would at last have to submit to the ways of other men. It was confidently asserted by the wise of the earth that "Ford had gotten away with his stuff" hitherto, but this time he was "up against it." He would be brought to his senses and he would be forced to do business like other men. But Ford is Ford, and not another man. In the course of a few months he had wiped out his obligations and since then has bowed his knee to no one to secure financial aid.

Why should not the common people have confidence in this man? Grant that luck has been with him; grant that he has made mistakes; yet one must admit that his accomplishments have been constructive and dramatic to such a degree that his personal career is a landmark in the history of human accomplishment. We would like to see this experiment of price stabilization tried; Mr. Ford has the means and the imagination, and could soon effect the organization to give it a fair trial. After he had shown the way the American Farm Bureau Federation might take over his technique and continue the work. Or if it developed that price stabilization for wheat leads simply to over-production, we would be indebted to Henry Ford for that piece of positive information, and the whole subject would lie quiet for a number of years.

And by the way, if Mr. Ford felt that the cost of this experiment ought to be shifted to the public, he could do it by adding twenty-five dollars each to the price of the two million cars he will sell in the next fifteen months. X. Y.

British Labor Looks Ahead

THE Annual Conference of the Labor party is not the occasion to which to look for critical examination of the detailed proposals which would compose the program of a Labor government. For the passage which separates the objectives of a party from their concrete embodiment in legislation is too long and too winding to be traversed simultaneously by a gathering of several hundred men and women meeting once a year for four days, even when they are fortified by preliminary discussion in local labor parties and trade union branches. The results which the Conference normally accomplishes are two. It registers the relative strength of the different forces within the movement. And it supplies the nation with a broad survey of the general aims for which labor is working.

The circumstances of the present moment give to both these tasks a special interest. Over a great part of Europe the political movement of the working class has been broken to pieces. Since 1919 German labor has been in the position of a man standing up to his neck in water and able to move neither hand nor foot. In France, since the Congress of Tours in 1920, the rupture of the United Socialist party by the Communist wedge has been followed by the split of the wedge itself into smaller and ever small fragments. In Italy the predominant impression of a traveller—probably if he is an Englishman, an exaggerated impression—is the power of actual physical terrorism: silentium faciunt et pacem appellant. In Great Britain, also, labor has gone through the inevitable process of deflation. The membership of trade unions has fallen since the high-water of 8,493,000 in 1920, though less than is often supposed; and the weakening of the industrial side of the movement has been followed by the abeyance, probably only the temporary abeyance, of the ideals of workers' control which were so prominent from 1916 to 1921.

What is significant is that the economic depression has not produced a corresponding moral reaction. As has happened constantly ever since 1832, industrial disillusionment has been accompanied by a political revival. When the writer first joined the Labor party, its membership was probably some-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing under a million. Today, in spite of the wastage caused by unemployment, it is more than three and a quarter millions. Local and divisional labor parties, which are more and more becoming the basis of the party's organization, increased by 253 in 1922 and now number some 2,650. The results of this expansion were revealed at the last election. For the first time in its history, the Annual Conference discussed the policy of the Labor movement, not merely as a critic of the existing régime, but as the organ of a party which might, within a not too distant future, itself be called upon to form a government.

The effects of that new position of responsibility were seen in the temper of the Conference and the tone of the debates. Its leaders were clearly determined to convince the large public which sits lightly to party connections and which, since it does not trouble to understand the Labor party's constitution or to read its literature, is apt to be misled by talk about a "class party," to believe that a Labor government would regard itself as the trustee of the whole nation, not merely of the manual workers. The note of the proceedings was struck by the chairman, Sidney Webb, when, in his opening address, he urged that the ethics of the movement were those of fraternity rather than class war, and that the true founder of British Socialism was, not Marx, but Robert Owen. On the other hand, the Conference gave little ground for the criticism and that the party was watering down its doctrines to catch votes, and, if its manners were those of the Right, its principles came distinctly from the Left.

On the main matters before it it took the line which was to be expected. In the field of international policy it expressed a view which is now widely held outside the ranks of the Labor movement when it denounced the inclusion of pensions in the reparations account, and recommended that the government should take a generous line with regard to the debt owing to Great Britain as part of a general settlement of the reparations problem, should take the initiative in calling a conference for the revision of the peace treaties and to consider ways to bring about disarmament, and should recognize Russia. In domestic policy it again refused to accept the affiliation of the Communist party, denounced the attempt to economize by cutting down expenditure for education and other social services, reaffirmed its demand for a war debt redemption levy on the capital value of all wealth in excess of a low minimum, and pledged itself to Socialism in a resolution declaring that "the supreme object of the Labor party should be the supersession of capitalism by the Socialist commonwealth."

The significance of the refusal of the communist affiliation was absurdly exaggerated by the press, which treated it as though the Communist party were a powerful army, instead of being a small and diminishing band, a considerable number of the rank and file of whom in practice support the Labor party, and, in calling themselves Communists, merely mean that they cherish a quite natural desire that the Labor party should march more swiftly than it, as any other large party, normally does.

The significance of the other declarations of policy was as absurdly underestimated. In putting in the forefront of its program the demand for a direct and resolute handling of the international economic problem, and for the changes in international policy which must necessarily accompany it, the conference voiced the sentiments of the great body of opinion which has moved steadily away from the hectic inanities of Versailles, and which, though distinguished liberals and distinguished conservatives share the sentiments, has waited in vain for either of the other great parties to speak with decision on the subject. Resolutions in favor of "Socialism" are hardy annuals. What gave this year's resolution its importance was not any novelty in its doctrine, but the new position of the party to which it was an instruction. It is one thing to accept an 'ism as an ideal; it is another to pledge oneself to it when there is some possibility that one may within reasonable time be placed in a position where one will be called upon to redeem one's pledge. The conferences' acceptance of Socialism as its objective, though not a novelty, should dispose of the suggestion, sedulously fostered by a section of the press, that the movement is an artificial union of guileless trade unionists, interested only in securing labor legislation for their particular industries, and clever "intellectuals," who by adroit wire-pulling, contrived to make them jump reluctantly though the Socialist hoop.

The realities of the situation are more subtle and more interesting than is implied in that criticism, or in the precisely opposite one (advanced in the same breath by the same writers) that the Labor party is purely a "class party." The trade unionist may or may not call himself a Socialist—in practice he increasingly does—but in either case the concrete proposals which he advances or supports are in fact socialistic. The intellectual may have come to Socialism through the study of theorists. But when he deals with practical work in Parliament in local government, he finds himself committed to translating his theories into concrete proposals and learns that, in practice, he and the trade unionist mean the same thing.

This organic character of the British Labor Movement is apt, it seems, to puzzle observers accustomed to the sharper divisions of more logical nations. "Who," a French student of English politics asked the present writer the other day, "are the socialists in the movement and who are the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anti-socialists?" Twelve or fifteen years ago, when the Labor party was still an alliance between trade unions brought into politics by legal decisions threatening trade unionism and socialist societies, it might have been possible to answer that question with some precision. At the present moment one can only reply that the assumptions implied in it have little relevance to the realities of English political life. There are, of course, wide differences of opinion, temperament and tradition inside the Labor party. But the Socialist attitude of mind is not the monopoly of any particular fraction, whether composed of "class conscious" workmen or of "intellectuals," and there are differences within it.

For this reason the "split" confidently foretold by a section of the press seems to the writer to be based rather on the hope that sufficient repetition of the word may produce the fact, than on an objective study of the real forces within the Labor movement. And for the same reason the apprehension sometimes expressed that a Labor government, if and when it came to power, would be reduced to practical impotence by passive obstruction on the part of the administrative machine, appears to him greatly exaggerated. It is true, of course, that, largely owing to gaps in the English system of higher education, the higher ranks of the Civil Service are recruited mainly from families sufficiently well-to-do to send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge. But, though civil servants quite rightly "have no politics," it may be suspected that a considerable number of them would regard the policy of a government concerned to develop education and public health, and to turn foundation industries into honorable public services, with a good deal more sympathy than they feel for the mesquin attitude which sees in a servant of the state only a parasite on the glorious career of profit-hunting. The rank and file of the party, on their side, have gone in the last ten years through a series of painful experiences which have enormously widened their horizon. Even more than the war, the economic effects of the peace have made questions of international policy an ever-present reality in hundreds of thousands of working class houses. One section of workers after another—the most conspicuous example is the miners, who number over a million—has found its efforts to improve its condition persistently thwarted by the refusal of statesmen drawn from each of the two older parties even to consider proposals involving interference with property rights.

As a result, the tendency to turn economic questions into political questions has been enormously accelerated, and the limitation of the plain man's interests to domestic issues has been steadily washed away by his realization of the platitude that, for a country in the economic position of Great Britain, there are no domestic issues which are not also international. What emerges is a body of opinion which, if it has one of its roots in economic interests, is more and more gathering up the idealism, not only of the manual workers, but of the middle and professional classes. It is that body of opinion which made possible the success of the Labor party at the general election, and which found expression in the recent Conference. R. H. TAWNEY.

Death to the Golden Age

> Happy is he who has seen them (the mysteries) before he goes beneath the hollow earth; that man knows the true end of life and its source divine.—*Pindar.*

ONE day last March, an old Indian, many times governor of his pueblo, appeared in Santa Fe, carrying in his pocket a printed sheet headed Department of the Interior, Office of Indian Affairs, and addressed "To All Indians." This "Message," handed to him without comment by his superintendent, as he explained to a hastily summoned council of white friends, was signed by Commissioner Burke. It stated that, as a result of "a meeting of superintendents, missionaries and Indians, at which the feeling of those present was strong against Indian dances, as they are usually given and against so much time as is often spent by Indians in a display of their old customs at public gatherings held by the whites—and from other information—I feel that something must be done to stop the neglect of stock, crops, gardens and home interests caused by these dances or by celebrations, pow-wows and gatherings of any kind that take the time of the Indians for many days."

"I do not want to deprive you of decent amusements or occasional feast days," continued the guardian voice, "but you should not do evil or foolish things or take so much time for these occasions. No good comes of your Give-Away custom at dances and it should be stopped. It is not right to torture your bodies or to handle poisonous snakes in your ceremonies. I could issue an order against these useless and harmful performances but I would much rather have you give them up of your own free will and, therefore, I ask you in this letter to do so. I urge you to come to an understanding with your superintendent to hold no gatherings in the months when the seed time, cultivation of the crops and the harvest need your attention. If at the end of one year reports show that you reject this plea, then some other course will have to be taken."

The wise old brown face, anxiously scanning the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

white faces as the ominous paper passed from hand to hand, read on them the confirmation of deep-set fears. It meant, if really carried out, a death warrant: an order for the execution of the Pueblo civilization. He could not have put into words in what sense his ceremonial dances were the heart and religious centre of his life. He only felt with dumb despair that again "Wasintona" had failed in understanding. To a Pueblo, dancing was not a personal indulgence. It was a solemnly joyous community service, a pledge of good Indian citizenship as well as of religious faith. Should a Pueblo, then, renounce virtue on command? Should he restrict his processionals and prayers according to the whim of a superintendent, when every season exacts its proper celebration: winter, rituals of war and hunting; spring, summer, autumn, dances for rain, for crops, for fertility? Without these age-old rites, especially those of the growing season, which the Commissioner seemed especially to condemn, how could he hope to obtain the fruits of the earth in a desert land?

Useless and harmful performances—evil and foolish things—what are they?

Well, some pueblos, like Taos or Zuni, are backed by a Sacred Mountain, though in the words of a Zuni priest "all mountains are sacred." All mountains have shrines hidden from white eyes, where immemorial rites go on, and painted sticks, plumed with feathers, are planted as offerings before the rude stone image of some tribal divinity. All canyons are sacred, too, as for instance the Glorietta of Taos, where a swift cold mountain river flows down eternally from Blue Lake.

The principal ceremonies, however, take place in the open plazas of the pueblos, hard-baked squares of dust-colored earth, surrounded by flat-roofed houses, built into solid blocks, sometimes several terraced stories high, of the same rich red-brown earth substance. Houses and plazas together are to be thought of as timeless store-houses of cultural tradition: every stone, every point of the compass has its symbolic significance, every dark inner room its treasure of sacred masks and gourds, of turquoise and shell chains, hand woven blankets and belts and sashes and moccasins, cherished by family and clan for ceremonial use. So the round or square kivas-meeting places for the clans and esoteric societies on which Pueblo society is built have their banners, fetish images, and holy meal bowls carried by Rain Priests who *Koshare* in the dances at which they officiate. In short, every pueblo cherishes an elaborate and highly decorative ritual paraphernalia, of the same order as the vestments and jewels stored in the sacristies of European cathedrals. While the temples of Cambodia have been overgrown by the jungle and the theatres of Eleusis and Delphi reduced to heaps of marble, and even the twelfth century churches of the Aisne pulverized by modern guns, the Pueblo Indian has continued, without interruption, to carry on in a corner of North America the primordial rites of the Stone Age. Few are the white observers, privileged to watch the long seasonal series, who do not get from them more than an ethnological or artistic interest; their great gift is a breath, a transfusion of the radiant freshness of man's first deep religious experience.

How choose one dance for description, even among the ceremonies of a single season? The Deer Dance is, in winter, what I should go farthest to see. Though wild game grows rare in the mountains, certain wild animals are still revered: they are precious to the Indian because they have served his need for meat and skins, yet they are also quasi-divinities, not to be entrapped or killed save by magic formula and propitiation.

Santo Domingo is the largest and most primitive of the Rio Grande pueblos. It lies spread out in the dust and swirl of the desert, some thirty miles south of Santa Fe. Across the river, flowing unseen at the foot of the fields, loom blue and jagged peaks. As you approach the plaza, two round twin sand hills are noticeable, rising directly behind the walls of the great mission church. . . .

We steal out at daybreak when the pueblo is flat and washed with dawn-pallor, oriental, a thin pungent smoke rising from its pot-chimneys toward the two mauve hills, which send up, from time to time, another sort of emanation—and animal sound, keen as flame. A steady, silent, human movement responds throughout the village. Tall lithe males wrapped in blankets, emerging from low portals; broad-bosomed women, climbing down ladders; grandfathers with babies on their backs; as water flows, so they slip in one direction. We are drawn along in the eddy, and take our place with the worshippers on the hither side of the ditch, where the pueblo governor stands guard. From one of the round kivas, a chorus of chiefs is approaching, but silently, solemnly, bearing its great tombé in its bright colored centre. It halts, takes its appointed place a few yards from us, just below the twin hills.

Their cone-like summits fix our attention. Tiny figures in black blankets dart in swift zig-zags across them, and down into the connecting chasm: the hunters. Before them, driven this way and that, shapes that even at a distance seem informed with a wild, strange poetry: the quarry. The movement is exquisitely calculated; it makes on the mauve-gold slopes an unforgettable pattern. Something black and white and antlered, half crouching, but superciliously at gaze, something red and monumental, holding heavy head aloft, something small and tawny and quick, bounding and jumping—so one begins to discern and divine the Animals, fatally driven, fatally drawn, into the net of Man. And here, coming closer, is she who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

holds the snare and weaves the spell, the Buffalo Maid, who by her magic has lured the beasts for the good of the Pueblo people. Inside her dark headpiece of curly buffalo pelt, with its sharp polished horns, her young eyes and cheeks shine with pride. She is the Bull Goddess of mythology, with the sunrise streaming in her face. But, after all, she is not the chief protagonist, not for her do the Jemez peaks leap into flame. It is for the Deer, the cautious, the savage, the tender, that the choral voices break at last into throaty chant.

From the Mountain
Black,
From the Summit,
Down the trail, coming,
coming now,
Comes the deer to
my singing.*

He turns his listening head, with its miraculous, searching mask of black and white, he leans above the sticks that simulate front feet, he knows his doom, with poignant pathos. As he lifts his antlers, a mist of downy feathers, hanging from their points, trembles with his tremors. This is no mere deer of the forest, it is the Spiritus Sanctus of Deerdom, stylicized and symbolized into Deer God, complete and perfect in his substance. Yet on he comes, tragically destined one, into the plaza, halting, wheeling, listening, and after him his three Deer Brothers, and after them the four majestic Buffalo, forming a square about their Maid, and after them two noble Elk and after them two joyous, active little Antelope.

A Deer Dancer, from a painting by Awatsireh, leader of the Pueblo Indian artists

Quarry mine, blessed am I
In the luck of the chase.
Comes the deer to my singing.

Comes the deer to my singing,
Comes the deer to my song,
Comes the deer to my singing.

And so the ceremony begins, triumph and apologia, prayer and sacrifice, repeating its intricate songs and rhythms and closely studied animal movements through the day, till at last the beasts are slain by the hunters at sunset, and the tribe of the Queres is again pronounced lord of the wild.

The theory behind the Deer Dance is, of course, a sort of sympathetic magic and the same one guides the vegetation ritual, which is still more important in Pueblo life. By showing the corn how it shall grow, the Pueblo causes it to grow: that is his firm belief. So he leaps with bare, bent knees, and flowing mane of hair till, in sheer contagion, it too must leap from the black Earth Mother. So the Rain Priests dip their banners, scatter pollen, fertilizing soil and seed. So the women, as they sway, become the very growing ear, Corn Maiden, Corn Mother, and the boys sing as the birds, piping in the swelling stalks, and from their gourds pour out the sound of showers, and from tombé the thunder booms—and so the rain comes down.

Pueblo ceremonies have been emphasized in this article because they are familiar to the writer at first hand, and because they are still wholly untouched by white influence, so far as the dancing in the villages goes. Pueblo and Navajo dancing, for money, may be witnessed just once a year, at Santa Fe and at Gallup, but these "fiesta" occasions are fortunately managed by those who care for Indian tradition. Even the Hopi Snake Dance, which now attracts too many tourists, because of the white advertising it has received, is to the Hopi themselves an essential and very sacred ritual. If the Indian Bureau does suppress it the dance will surely continue, away from the light of day.

The discussion in the press has revealed that there is strong opposition to Pueblo dances, in certain quarters, on grounds of sexual immorality. In response to the protest against the "Message" by two or three Indian welfare groups, another old established Indian association came out pub-

* Hunting Song (Navajo). Trans. by Natalie Curtis.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

licly in its defense and in condemnation of the sentimentalists who, in their ignorance of facts, had been wailing the dirge of the dances. There are perhaps a few secret ceremonies among the Pueblos never with Indian consent witnessed by white eyes, which would offend those eyes, and might be quietly discouraged. In the primitive world, sex is a part of the necessary and right order of the universe, and sexual and vegetational symbolism are not far apart. But, if symbolism is in question, what about the origins of the Maypole dance? What of Easter egg rolling on the White House lawn? The assumption that a Pueblo or Navajo dance, or any other Indian dance in its unspoiled state, is merely a cloak for license is preposterous. Moreover it should not be assumed, as a leading anthropologist has lately pointed out, that a ceremony is immoral or unsanitary without really expert proof.

Such proof does not and cannot come from a certain kind of rigid and superior white who sees a bare body as immoral. The Pueblos have been baptised and practising Roman Catholics, since the Spanish days, and the priests have had the wisdom and beneficence to leave the Indian ceremonial untouched. Protestant missionaries have done as much for Indians in other places, and we believe that all sects should be free to convert, if it is done without coercion on the cultural side. But the truth is that on many of the reservations where Indian dancing has been suppressed as "paganism" the white man's medicine has not really replaced the red man's and the tribes have fallen into decadence. Under these circumstances dancing and ancient customs do become debased and commercialized. Deplorable as this is to Indian lovers we must nevertheless, in answer to the Commissioner, proclaim the equal right of Indians, with other Americans, to dramatize and exploit their native customs for gain. And why should Mr. Barnum's snake charmers and sword swallowers go unmolested, if "it is not right" for a Hopi or a Zuni to carry on such practices as religious experience?

In the last analysis, the reason why certain powers, deeply influential in Indian life, are out to "get" Indian dances is not that they are harmful, but that so long as they continue, the Indian cannot be transformed into a white man. This is true. While the dance ritual survives, even in modified or derived form, some legendary ghostly image or breath of the old, free primordial red man's life will still haunt desert and prairie, and hold our red brothers in thrall. When it shall be wholly eliminated, red man and white will lose the last lovely vision of their country's Golden Age. For, with the dances, will die Indian costume and handicraft and decorative symbolism, Indian rhythm and music and song, Indian worship and communal consciousness. Then will every Indian surely prefer the Y. M. C. A. to the kiva, the cornet to the tombé, and the movies to the Deer Dance.

Chief, chief that I am,
My power is all taken away
My power is all taken away.
Chief, chief that I am,
My power is all taken away,
Chief, chief that I am.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Academic Freedom

THE LONDON NATION has discovered that there is no academic freedom in America. Its conclusion is startling because with absolute assurance and despite its dearth of evidence it reduces so baffling a question to such easy terms. To find so careful a periodical indulging in glib generalizations from the medley of half-told tales in Mr. Upton Sinclair's Goose-Step is surprising.

Distance is distance, but three thousand miles of ocean are hardly enough to rob a reader of Mr. Sinclair's book of his critical faculties. The streaks of black and white of Mr. Sinclair's evangelical mind are too obvious to be missed. The absence of cross-currents in his chart of academic control betrays the crusader. His college teachers who are not servile are artless individuals, too stupid to use indirection, too dull to employ insidious methods, and hardly worth the saving. He gives to trustees, in singleness of purpose, omniscience in judgment and persistence in action, a moral grandeur that is sublime.

The Nation, like Mr. Sinclair, loses the real problem in a concern with surface facts. The protection of university professors against "outside" interference is a matter of no great magnitude. Those who think in quantities, and not instances, and who are familiar with business risks and industrial hazards may well insist that no job is more secure than an American professorship. To daring souls the perils from retributive "capitalism" are far too few to make an adventure out of "the quest for learning."

But the truth is that the problem holds tangled issues of a far more delicate kind. Academic freedom is an affair of academic environment and academic personnel. Its existence depends upon whether the university is a place for disinterested study and whether its professors are capable of it. Ideal freedom there is nowhere. Actual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

freedom can be measured only by relative standards. This makes pertinent a brief comparison of academic freedom in England and America.

The advantages of the university environment in England are manifest. The universities can offer nothing in exchange for endowments comparable to the honors sold by political parties. As a result educational policy does not have to be tempered to the fancies of business men. There are no bumptious presidents and no exotic trustees to meddle with curricula and to increase the hazards of lecturing. There is a genuine recognition of the right of the professor to hold in private what opinions he will. There are no "hell alumni" still full of "college spirit" to howl for the good old days of winning teams and soporific lectures.

But the liabilities of the English environment, though less evident, are extremely real. The professor has an appointed place in an institution long ago accommodated to a rigid society. In his university the subjects of study are set in a fixed curriculum and the larger content of his own courses is within hailing distance of the verities. His reading lists and the examinations toward which his lectures leisurely move are determined, not by him, but by a committee of which he is a member. At Oxford recently a program was drawn for the new school before the professor most immediately concerned was selected. A well known English scholar writes that the rigid courses in the English universities offer the greatest obstacle to temporary exchanges of chairs between men teaching in England and in the United States. Such restrictions check individual effort and limit real advances in the social sciences to mass movements.

Nor has the English university been made safe for the critic of the existing order. It is true that the crude constraints, which here take the form of personal interference, are all gone. But they have reappeared in the more insidious guise of social taboos.

A consideration of academic personnel tells a similar story. In this country, wherever the "right of appointment" may legally rest, professors are usually chosen by members of their craft. Cornell has no place in philosophy for a pragmatist; Chicago, a place for no other. The teachers at Harvard make of law a humanistic study; those at Michigan, the technique of learning a profession. The historians at Columbia ride into the wind; those at Hopkins scratch with a stick in the mould. To attempt to explain such differences in terms of boards of trustees, who are doubtless ignorant of them and who are very much alike, is futile. The reason is that schoolmen, like other mortals, select as associates and successors those who are good in their own eyes.

In England, despite a difference in ritual, appointments are made in much the same way. So acceptable are those to whom chairs have gone that there is hardly a professor in any of the social sciences at Oxford or at Cambridge who cannot close his work by saying, "I have kept the faith." The men who have gone down from these older institutions to chairs in the newer universities have carried with them the comfortable beliefs of a traditional learning. The number of "radicals" who in recent years have been given professorships can be numbered without getting very far upon the fingers of one hand. It is of note that a larger number of the "unacceptable" have been offered chairs in the capitalistic institutions of America. Mr. J. A. Hobson, who has to his credit the most daring and most valuable work in economics of any Englishman of his generation, has never become Professor Hobson. So dominant is the idea of acceptability that there is nothing so rare as a concern over "pre-conceptions" at Cambridge unless it be a lamentation over "inbreeding" at Oxford. Verily the university professor, like every other species, brings forth intellectual offspring after his kind, quite irrespective of the country of his residence.

But the real test of freedom must be in its results. In America instruction in economics—to take the example of the subject over which so much of the hubbub is raised—is freer from capitalistic apologetics than in England. Twenty years ago a system of dialectic which imputed design and goodness to the existing industrial order was universal in both countries. Today that system, clearly apparent behind all its recent patches, is the gospel of the Cambridge school; yet long ago it was cast out of Columbia. At Oxford the required reading stops before modern economics begins; yet a critical attack upon the foundations of the existing order, by an Oxford man, is prescribed at Pennsylvania. Not even the London school is as free from a glorification of whatever is as Chicago. In England there is still a controversy between the "ins" with the mathematical metaphysics of Marshall and the "outs" with the Hegelian dialectic of Marx. Here an economic theory addressed directly to the problem of bringing an unruly economic order under control is being formulated. It finds expression in the writings of Mitchell, the younger Clark, Moulton, Stewart, Friday and Wolman, all of whom have safely held snug places in capitalistic institutions. The work of a like kind in England is being done by Hobson, Tawney, Clay, Hammond and Cole, only one of whom holds a chair in a university.

Instances are dangerous. A single one proves nothing; but it will adorn the argument. Recently this question appeared upon an examination paper at Columbia: "Write a letter to Lenin, pointing out the most drastic interferences with property which have been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States." Despite great inroads upon sacred rights by this tribunal, the question has pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voked no hostility from alumni or trustees. Last year a teacher in an English university proposed this question for students in his own classes: "What place should be assigned to Marshall's Principles of Economics in the education of (a) the eldest son of a peer, (b) a candidate for holy orders?" The question was ruled out by the other members of the committee who found it insolent.

It is bootless to inquire whether in England or in America there is the larger measure of freedom. The academic shortcomings of different countries, like the frailties of housemaids, sit upon them after different patterns. The faults of American institutions can be seen even at a distance of three thousand miles. The untoward features of English universities can by discerned perhaps only at a distance of three thousand miles. Those who love personal freedom within the polite limits of an established society will prefer England. Those who at a slight personal risk wish to smash systems of thought will choose America. But neither has created a university environment which places a very high value upon the disinterested pursuit of learning. Nor has either discovered how the homo academicus can be made to breed a successor intellectually more worthy. When these two problems are solved, academic freedom will become a possession of free men patiently critical of accepted values and unconcerned with passing causes.

HENRY W. COWPER.

Conqueror

Doubt not my stubborn pride
Would lift you to my side
And my hard will afford
Sure armour to your sword.

Though trumpets in my voice
Frustrate your lonely choice,
Fight on and let your fear
Make sharper the bronze spear.

And know, though in my heart
You plunge the oaken dart,
You have no way to go
Unless I will it so.

On all roads that you turn
My waving banners burn;
My dead, unanxious mind
Stands stolidly behind.

Your flight is my advance
Till trapped by time and chance
And bloody with my grief
You drop like a dead leaf.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

A COMMUNICATION

Austria: Saved or Duped?

SIR: The New Republic recently published an article by Mr. Nathaniel Peffer entitled "Austria: Saved or Duped?" In this article Mr. Peffer describes the present distress of a part of the Austrian population, expresses doubts as to the economic future of Austria and suggests that the League of Nations' work of re-construction has been overpraised. He further expresses the view that the League has been duped and that it has been used as an instrument by the reactionary parties in Austrian politics. While Mr. Peffer says something of Austria's present and has a guess at its future, he says nothing of its recent past or its present if the League had not intervened.

What was Austria's position when the League of Nations was asked by the Allied Powers last August to intervene? For three years the country had been kept precariously alive; she had lived painfully on public and private charity—largely American—and on the losses of foreigners who had either speculated in the crown or accepted the crown in payment for their goods. More than a hundred million dollars of public money had been lent and had become to all appearances an irretrievably bad debt; some two hundred million dollars had been lost by those who had invested in or accepted the crown in payment. Large charitable funds had also been poured in. All this money had been consumed for current needs. There had been no reconstruction. On the contrary, her financial position had become worse than ever. The springs of public and private charity had dried up. The crown had dropped to one-15,000th part of its gold value and was still falling precipitately. It was clear that it could not long continue to be accepted in payment by the foreigners. Austria's public expenditure was at least twice her revenue. She was faced with the vital necessity of purchasing large imports of food and raw materials during the autumn and winter—and she had no resources from which to pay for them. There seemed no escape from destitution, starvation, riots and perhaps revolution, with incalculable foreign complications.

Now as Mr. Peffer himself says, "the currency has been stable for eight months or more. The printing-presses have stopped issuing notes in bales. Confidence is restored. Capital is no longer being exported but is held for investment here. Savings banks deposits are increasing Austrians themselves are investing in government securities. Economy has been instituted in government. Above all—this above all—the budgetary deficit is being reduced. Austria is out of the slough. Now, all that is true. It is not to be denied that a better spirit exists in Vienna, and that it has a substantial basis." Mr. Peffer may think the achievement of the League has been overpraised, but anyone who considers the position of Austria in August 1922, and even Mr. Peffer's statement of its present position will, I think, admit that much has been done.

Nothing, however, can give a better perspective for a judgment on the question than the grave statement append-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed by the Financial Committee in their original report in September 1922. This report, which was endorsed and emphasized by the Council of the League, declares unequivocally that Austria will never regain her equilibrium until her production is increased or her population is thinned. The three-year period during which Austria consumed more than she produced, through diverting the foreign charities and loans to current use and not to reforms, is at an end. The choice is now not between continuing the condition of last year or improving it. "The alternative is greater hardship—but with the prospect of real amelioration—or collapse."

This report, it is not too much to say, made before the scheme was put into force, answers by anticipation a large part of Mr. Peffer's subsequent criticism. It will be well to look at these criticisms, however, also in the light of present facts, including those to which Mr. Peffer himself does not call attention.

He refers to the unemployed under the headline, "The Terrible Price of a Stable Currency."

It is true that there is a higher proportion of unemployed in Austria now than last year. But as Mr. Peffer himself admits, "stabilization of the currency was a sine qua non, if utter collapse was to be prevented, and there cannot be deflation without a transitional period of unemployment." What is more important is, first, that Austria's unemployment at its worst has never been at so high a percentage of the population as unemployment in either Great Britain, Czecho-Slovakia or Switzerland, and, second, that unemployment has already diminished in Austria, and at a more rapid rate than in either of these three countries, and, third, that it is unfair to represent the miseries of the present unemployed as the result of a stable currency, when the unemployment was more plentiful, as it was in the years 1921 and 1922. It was not merely because the currency was depreciating rapidly; it was also because Austria was in fact being fed by large public loans, of a kind which irretrievably came to an end when the League was asked to intervene.

Mr. Peffer then points out that, in spite of the assistance of the loan, Austria is doomed to starvation behind tariff walls, and he says that "it will avail the Austrian people little to have a balanced budget if they cannot get raw materials to manufacture and cannot sell enough manufactured products to pay for food, clothing and shelter. Neither of these root considerations is touched by anything the League is doing, and I think it is highly likely that they will remain untouched, for they are within the domain of high politics."

Now, it is true that there are tariff walls around Austria and the adjacent countries, as there are around practically every country in the world at the present time. It is not true, however, that the obstacles to commerce have been left untouched; they have already been very substantially modified. The tariff walls imposed by the new states that surround Austria have at least been substantially reduced in the last few years Mr. Peffer believes that with the present frontiers it is impossible for Austria to be economically self-supporting. This would be true, if her frontier were also a barrier across which trade, commerce and finance could not pass. But in the first place the modifications in the earlier prohibition and prohibitive tariffs have enabled Austria's commerce to expand very considerably in the last two years, and though as yet the process is not sufficient for her full economic life. In the second place, the comparison between Austria's visible imports and exports, by which the above contention is usually supported, is a fallacious one. One of the largest assets of Austria and particularly of Vienna, both before the war and now, is her position as a great financial and merchant centre. I believe it is not too much to say that the general view of economists who have really studied the actual facts of Austrian economic life is that with some such further progress in the removal of economic barriers as may reasonably be anticipated from the progress already made, Austria is essentially "viable." The great merit of the League's establishment of the Austrian finances on a sound basis is that the real strength of the economic condition of Austria can attain its full development. It may not suffice, as the Financial Committee clearly anticipated, for the full and prosperous economic life of the whole of its present population without adaptation in their employment, but at least the prosperity of Austria, which her economic resources and the skill and industry of her people make possible, will not be wasted and destroyed by the corrupting disease of a depreciating currency.

Mr. Peffer says that the League is the instrument of reaction. It is quite true that a number of the measures of financial economy which are essential if Austria is to be again financially self-supporting may involve the cessation or modification of some of the privileges temporarily imposed and precariously enjoyed during the Socialist régime in Austria of 1920 and 1921. The fallacy consists in thinking that these privileges could in any case have continued to be enjoyed. Desirable as they may have been in themselves, they were an expensive luxury. They were, for the time, and for the time only, made possible by the fact that external countries were lending and losing their money in Austria. That process had ended in August 1922 before the League scheme. What Austrian labor would have had to face was not a diminution but a disappearance of wages, the cessation of food itself, general starvation and the collapse in Austria both of recent labor legislation and of the normal conditions of life at the same time.

In a word, the League has not established, and has not claimed to establish a paradise of comfortable conditions which is not enjoyed in any of the countries of Europe who have combined to help Austria through the League. All it has done is to take a country which was on the very verge of starvation and revolution, and within nine months create a condition which begins to be comparable with that of several of the countries whose efforts have achieved this result. Unemployment is bad, but not worse than in Great Britain. The trade and industry, production and employment of Austria have a basis in the Austrian currency which, instead of being more shifting and uncertain than that of any country outside Russia has become one of the most stable in Europe. Starting nine months ago with a credit lower than that of any country

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

except Russia, she has raised an external loan on as favorable terms as either France or Italy could.

Lastly, Mr. Peffer himself, speaking of a country which nine months ago was hopeless and desperate, says: "The despondency of four years has been lifted. The Austrian begins to see a future for himself."

These facts, and even those of them which are taken from Mr. Peffer's very article, would, I think, suggest that Mr. Peffer's headlines, "Saved or Duped?" "Starvation back of Tariff Walls," "The League as Cat's Paw," scarcely present a measured and balanced judgment of what has been done in Austria by the League, by the governments who have cooperated through it and by Austria herself since August 1922.

J. A. SALTER.

Geneva, Switzerland.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Modest Censorship Proposal

SIR: I have had my attention called to an article of your issue of July 18th about the so-called "Chester Concessions."

May I suggest, in the future, before publishing statements regarding these concessions that you refer to this office for verification?

The Ottoman-American Development Company is the sole owner of these Ottoman-American concessions, improperly referred to as the "Chester Concessions," and this office is the only authorized source for information regarding them.

I am asking you to do this with a view to stopping the gross misrepresentation that has been going on regarding these concessions.

K. E. CLAYTON-KENNEDY.

Ottoman-American Development Company,
New York City.

An American Suggestion

SIR: A majority of thoughtful Europeans seem to agree with the British liberals who observed, in their recently published appeal to America, that a moral lassitude has descended upon English, French and Germans making it impossible for them to break the existing deadlock over the reparation question. Such a situation adds point to the plea that America should re-enter the field of European affairs but it only emphasizes anew the fact that no thinking is being done in this country, and very little anywhere, as to the actual terms of a possible solution. May I rush into the breach with the following highly condensed draft of a proposal?

1. French security to be assured by the adoption of a European continental guarantee against aggression, all nations binding themselves to declare war and institute a blockade against any one of their number which takes up arms.

2. Reparation payments by Germany to be limited to an annual value equal to the excess of exports over imports which would have been possible to her in 1913; payments to continue for a fixed term of years, with reductions according to a fixed percentage plan if payments were made in advance of the date due.

3. Stocks and bonds representing one-half of the value of the whole German industrial system to be deposited with a committee of the League of Nations as trustee. The United States to be represented on this committee (as she now is on several other bodies under the League). In the event that Germany defaults in any year, the sum of this default to be made up by confiscating from the stocks and bonds held in trust an amount equal, at current market prices, to the default.

4. The German monetary system to be placed under the supervision of a committee of the League of Nations which would, perhaps with the aid of a gold loan, undertake the task of stabilizing the currency.

5. The proportionate payments to be received by each Ally, and the question of priorities, would of course need to be decided afresh by a general conference, at which both Germany and the United States should be represented. It should be a condition that Germany must join the League of Nations.

The foregoing proposals are made, with a realization of their probable imperfections, for the purpose of at least initiating thought in this direction. I hope your columns may be opened to correspondents for criticism of them, or for the exposition of alternative suggestions.

R. F. EMERY.

New York City.

According to Professor Conklin

SIR: In The Trend of Evolution Professor Edwin Grant Conklin of Princeton University says, "Thousands of variations occur in organisms which are not inherited; they come with change in food, climate, use or disuse, or other conditions of environment; and when these conditions change they disappear. These environmental variations . . . represent changes in development rather than in heredity, modifications of the developed organism rather than of the germ-plasm. On the other hand, inherited variations are caused by changes in the germ-plasm itself. . . (1) those which are due to new combinations or re-combinations of old inheritance factors . . . and (2) those which are caused by sudden alterations in the individual factors." A mutation, obviously, might be caused by changed environmental conditions.

Now in the phrase "inheritance of acquired characteristics," acquired characteristics correspond with what Professor Conklin calls environmental variations; and those who believe in the inheritance of acquired characteristics believe that these changes in the soma affect the germ plasm and are therefore inherited.

Thus far the evidence for this has been negative, and this may be said of Dr. Kammerer's experiments with salamandra maculosa, for the changes in the parent occurred under changed environmental conditions and might be expected to disappear under the old conditions. More important, however, the changes in the offspring indicate that the germ-plasm had been affected not by the soma but by the changed environmental conditions, to which the parent had been subjected during four pregnancies.

B. H. HAGGIN.

New York City.

French Today and Forever

SIR: The Allies and Associates in the Great War, almost in the attitude of adoration, have presented to France the hegemony of Europe to which her hereditary foe had aspired. Armed cap-a-pie she is throttling beaten Germany with huge armies of occupation on the Saar, the Rhine, and the Ruhr. In Entente Cordiale she is putting the fear of God into Great Britain by an air-fleet able, it is said, if loosed upon London, to destroy that capital in two hours. Poland and the rest of the self-determining flotsam of the war in Eastern Europe are her devoted slaves.

Why, then, does she demand that she be saved from the enemy under her feet? It is the little matter of birthrate that is troubling victorious France. She knows that no persuasion can induce her citizens to bring up larger families. But Germany, even in abject misery replenishes her sturdy stock. Out of the impasse there is one way of indisputable finality. The entire female population of Germany must be slaughtered for heinously renewing the Teuton menace to France. The men of Germany who during such massacre failed to fall in defense of their women or to commit suicide over the corpses of their loved ones would naturally scatter into foreign countries. Deserted Germany could then be colonized from Morocco and could constitute that buffer state needed to shield sacred Europe against the East.

THEKLA BERNAYS.

Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

IT was in one of those dawdling trains, those twenty-five miles an hour trains which carry you through winding New England valley after valley, that I finished Eris, by Mr. Robert W. Chambers. "Eris—Eris, daughter of Discord," as Mr. Chambers liked to call her, by Chambers—Chambers, son of Toil, as I may call him if I like. For he has toiled, the diligent man, he has spun yarn after yarn, ever so many of them, each of which has brought in money enough, I suppose, to ransom a couple of kings. By this time Mr. Chambers has more than fifty novels "to his credit," as the little handbooks say, so prettily.

All day long the temperature in our car was between eighty degrees and eighty-five degrees. Since early morning all the fatter passengers had been perspiring. By three o'clock sweat was forming, large drops of it, on the thinnest passenger's forehead. Having forgotten my one other try at Mr. Chambers, I brought to the perusal of Eris a "practically virgin" mind. If this be Mr. Chambers, thought I while reading on and on, then Rumor, after many years and more volumes of opportunity, hasn't got his number yet. Rumor made a mistake when she tried to dispose of him by assigning him a place in that "teeming, seething, busy mass, whose virtue is industry, and whose industry is vice."

Strange that there should be anything which a novel by Mr. Chambers is not so simple as, but Eris is really and truly not so simple as all that. I had rather know than not know how he felt before beginning to write it. I am somewhat interested in the contrast between his own unamiability, his ready-to-wear scorn of this, that, the other, and the kindliness he has bestowed upon almost all his women. I suspect him of taking a self-surprising interest in his heroine's stepmother and in his heroine, Eris.

Eris is older than the farm on which she is born and bred, younger than the movies in which she screens so beautifully. She is innocent and level-headed, exposed and uncontaminated, unsophisticated and equal to the occasion. Not against my will but with it do I respect the way in which her author has pulled her contradictions together into a person. "Chambers aime son Eris." So do I.

Of course she never told her husband, an outcast, that he might stay the night in her flat because she "wouldn't turn a sick snake out of doors." Mr. Chambers has been misinformed: If she did quit the movies, which I doubt, she had a sounder reason than the one he lends her. And why, when seeking to account for her refinement, does he give her such a florid ancestry? Does he do such things cynically, wearily, because he knows his public? Rumor says he often writes with his tongue in his cheek, blind to none of his absurdities, indifferent. That cannot be quite so. That he thinks as ill as I do of his smarter dialogue I can almost believe. I feel certain that his insipid melodrama bores him. But although he is not at his best when pleasing himself by rendering the look of things in the country, I suspect him of pleasing himself when at his worst. Whenever he speaks in his own person he is absurd. And these absurdities, numerous and costly though they are, miss being amusing. By inches sometimes, sometimes by miles. As here: "Shadows everywhere, framing a black abyss where, deep in obscurity, cause and effect writhe endlessly, like two great worms." Puzzling, perhaps. Capable, possibly, of inciting a morbidly curious reader to ask who wounded cause and effect and why. But amusing? No, not in a cindery train on a hot day, no.

Still, with a blue pencil you could refashion Eris into a book half as long and not half bad. I wonder whether my irritation be due to envy? From things he says here and there I infer that Mr. Chambers thinks envy at the bottom of most adverse comment upon any successful novelist. Am I envious? Would I write novels like his if I could? Yes, I believe so. I believe more than this. I believe not only that everybody would who could, but also that everybody does who can.

Well, before dinner that evening, after I had had a hot shower, and while I was swimming harmlessly about my host's cold pool, a Great Thought presented itself. This is life, I said, and floated. Today in the train was literature. Life is better than literature.

There are not many contrasts older than this, but a few days later it went new again, when we sat under our birch trees in the afternoon and listened while Louis read aloud. We saw what we saw—our own valley indistinct with smoke from a mountain fire away to the north. We saw what we heard—folds opening in the low hills of Normandy and inviting our eyes to follow the straight road qui s'en allait se rétrécissant. We heard what we heard—sentences which filled one's ear with their sound of silver or of bronze, of gold coins that fall, until you would have said that Madame Bovary itself, if Louis had dropped the book on that ledgy field, would make a noise like metal ringing.

It took us a few minutes, after Louis had left off reading, to make the transition from literature to life, for at first we talked about the book, about the difference between Flaubert's way of seeing stupidity and banality as if they always stamped this man or that woman as exceptionally stupid and banal, and the way in which a more contemporary novelist would seek to represent these things as built into the make of nearly everybody, as things not to be escaped by any of us, no matter what high passion we may have known, what ardor of mind we may have or other distinction. After dying down our talk started up again a little later, fitfully at first and then into a quiet flame, which lapped against the fuel we fed it with, odds and ends of gossip, the sudden leavetakings of servants in this disordered world, the wonderful day nearly done, last night's sunset masonry with the smoky aqueduct letting its arches down between headlands.

Finished as our journey from literature to life seemed to be by this time, I discovered after dinner that I was travelling one stage more, for I overheard two women say these things:

Mrs. Anson: It seems Milly's come back, Milly Gage, Jim's wife. She's brought her big dog, the police dog.

Mrs. Pingree: That dog? That's Nell Brockway's dog. She has two little boys.

Mrs. Anson: I didn't know she had but one boy.

Mrs. Pingree: Yes, she has two. They're very near of an age, two and three.

Mrs. Anson: Has she? I didn't know.

Mrs. Pingree: One of the Brockways has moved in. He's moved in opposite us.

Mrs. Anson: Is he the one who has a sick wife?

Mrs. Pingree: That wife died. This is an older brother.

Mrs. Anson: I knew his wife was very sick. The last time I saw her I didn't like her looks at all.

Mrs. Pingree: She died. Lester Brockway, Lester, I think his name is. This is his older brother. Elwin, Elwin Brockway.

While I was going to bed that night another Great Thought paid me a visit: Literature is better than life. And I fell asleep in some confusion of mind. P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Escapade

Escapade, by Evelyn Scott. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $3.00.

MRS. SCOTT'S novels, The Narrow House and Narcissus, have served to mark her among the modernists as one who pursues farthest the evanescent, shifting, subjective experience which is so miraculously interwoven with the bodily existence which we lead among objects which we see and touch—objects which in turn acquire a curious symbolic connection with the inner life. She stands thus on the sheer verge of what we call reality, at the point where the perception of that reality through the senses and the fixing of it in words passes over into an altogether subtler process of suggestion and premonition, conveying the sense of something unprecise and unformulated of which the perceiving self is recognizably a part, and which thus partakes of the truth of our own existence. The effort to give utterance to this reality behind the real is implicit in Mrs. Scott's novels. Here in her autobiography it is explicit and measurable. In the former it was complicated by obligations of the novel form which Mrs. Scott had not mastered. In Escapade the effort is extraordinarily simplified and complete. The most poignant fact in Mrs. Scott's experience during the years of her narrative was her maternity. Perhaps her physical state before and after the birth of her child furnished her with more than a symbol of the book she so much desired. She has called Escapade boldly a creative autobiography. The book is at any rate a birth, a bringing into the world of consciousness and expression things which else remain hidden in the womb of the unconscious. Mrs. Scott thus describes the experience of which her book was born. "My brain pulls, stretches, tears; but cannot open wide enough to see. Always at the agonized point of conception, but never conceiving. Always giving birth, yet never born. What is it I am to conceive? To what must I give birth? What is the question I cannot answer that must be answered? What is the blank face I must fill in with pictures?"

The most obvious aspect of Escapade is the vividness with which the world of appearance and sensation is realized in the naturalistic manner. A girl of twenty, fleeing with her lover to Brazil, pursued by the "stench of public opinion," suffering pregnancy, child birth, and an operation in an unspeakably foreign environment; seeing her lover give up his ambition, to become a bookkeeper, then an auditor, for a sewing machine company; the wretched little family, increased by the strangely incongruous figure of an aunt from the United States, thrown hither and thither in journeys by land and sea, from one provincial town to another, until in a last desperate gamble they buy a ranch in the mountains—and lose. The nightmare of all this is scarcely emphasized by the expressionist fantasia into which the experience merges. Throughout, the Brazilian scene is rendered with an acuteness of sensation to which the author's pathological state doubtless contributed:—the tropical heat which "seemed to emanate from the earth in warm clouds of invisible but palpable steam;" the light, "so much more intense than sound that it has absorbed our senses;" the darkness, "in which the ocean is like a shadow upon another shadow;" the smell "of hot palm oil with the stench of excrement in a number of unemptied pots set out in a row." Mrs. Scott extenuates nothing. Altogether the effect of the raw material of the American tropics is like nothing so much as that of Africa in Batouala. But while the scene of Batouala is savagery, that of Brazil is accented by the casual horrors of civilization. "The dining room hung with old mirrors, is adorned all over the walls with advertisements of a cure for syphilis, and with some large placards on which 'Why have worms!' is printed in magnificent red type."

This is of course pure naturalism. Naturalism is not, however, the only string to Mrs. Scott's bow. Here is a sketch in which a romantic Shelleyan sky hangs above the earth revealed with the homely impressionism of Sherwood Anderson. "The sun has not yet risen. Gold clouds in a palely lighted sky suggest a frozen storm. The moon, transparently dissolving, is a sliver of ice. Slow-rocking half wheel of moon sags, dims—dim and mellow in dim sky. Roosters are crowing. In the distance a dog barks. Still we can see no houses. Only low hills covered with brush, a few paths disappearing nowhere, and a small boy, half naked, driving some gray humped cattle into a field. The moon drifts torpidly, drags earth, drags sky in its torpidness." In this world the problems of daily existence, torturing to a sensitive organism, fade before the essential quest of the spirit. "I wonder who I am? Who is this being I am alone with every day, who is already a part of the child she never beheld?" And this hunger of self-knowledge is stilled at times in a sense of self-possessing, in which the external world passes into nothingness, dissolving in infinity. "I felt as I lay there that life indeed was endless. My heart was still, was a grave . . . Somehow, out of emptiness—out of darkness—I had a tactile feeling of warmth, of the warmth of my own being which surrounded me, and I lay in myself, sleeping while I was awake."

It will be seen that Mrs. Scott's effort is an ambitious one. Her autobiography makes the experience and reactions of Marie Bashkirtseff, Helena von Donniges, Marguerite Adoux and Mary McLane seem primitive and childish. Mrs. Scott has artistic resources far beyond these ladies, and she uses them lavishly. In her effort to evoke physical experience in terms which, in Henry James's phrase, will compete with life, and then pierce beyond that life into the mysteries about which it is woven as a spell, she must use words, not merely to give a single distinct and ever separable impression, but as notes with overtones; and rhythms not only in step with the pedestrian movement of life, but which soar into a region beyond. It is not to be denied, however, that in the conscientiousness of the artist Mrs. Scott loses something of the disinterestedness of the observer, the naiveté of the narrator. Of course it is unfair to ask her to be disinterested in the circumstances—who could be? Yet for the sake of the reality which she so passionately seeks, a greater range of impartiality is demanded. There is danger that Mrs. Scott's view of the world will isolate itself from general experience and become a "case"—a pathological case at that. Again, in spite of all the intensely pathetic circumstances of the story, it fails to move us, as Mrs. Scott would desire, to the very bowels of compassion. On the contrary, like so much of expressionistic work, it leaves us indifferent. Mrs. Scott feels sorry for faithful John, but somehow we do not. The suffering of one of Hamlin Garland's boys in a hot cornfield is more pitiful. She feels the wistful pathos of the child, but we do not. The small boy "half naked,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

driving some gray, humped cattle," in the passage quoted above is more appealing. Mrs. Scott is too constantly preoccupied with her art, naturalistic or psychic, and relief from this insistence is even more needed than from the intense brooding bitterness with which she sees her world. It was hardly necessary to enforce this character of the book by the concluding fantasy. It gives away the whole process by which Mrs. Scott "creates" autobiography as well as fiction. She has not created but brought forth an impressive and a brilliant book. The question recurs—is it alive? ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Hobo

The Hobo. Nels Anderson. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

I'VE footed many a vagrant mile in my time, and I've beaten my way all about the country over the railroads; but I've yet to come across a bum who shoulders a bundle done up in a bandanna handkerchief and balanced decoratively at the end of a stick, like the illustration on the jacket of "The Hobo," by Nels Anderson . . .

Barring the bindle bum or blanket stiff of the Coast, your true American tramp has trouble enough to get by with a single shirt on his back. His life involves continually jumping on and off trains while they are on the move, often at no negligible rate of speed; he rides the blinds of expresses, decks the tops of passenger trains, huddles on the bumpers between cars, wriggles into refrigerator boxes (when they have no ice in them, in winter) through the smallest apertures, clings to the rods underneath. . .

The inside of an empty boxcar is his one comfortable and leisurely mode of transportation.

But I am sure that Anderson himself is not responsible for the erroneous silhouette on the cover. For though his book is rather badly done from a literary point of view, he has been accurate as well as fair and sympathetic in his presentation of the life of the tramp and the tramp's point of view.

Unlike many a half-baked sociologist or two that I might name, he has refused to do the easy thing in order to seem scientific: to regard the tramp as a mere creature fit only for Bertillon measurements. Nor does he represent him as a case for the criminologist and pathologist solely, because his habits of life fail to square with those of the ordinary work-a-day world.

In fact, I've never come across an honester authority on the hobo since Josiah Flynt, author of "Tramping with Tramps," caught his last through freight West, en route for the heavenly "jungles."

Hobo, bindle bum, home guard, dinge, shovel stiff, gay cat, punk, wolf, and all the other forty-odd kinds of tramp listed by that strange master-vagabond as A. Number 1—Anderson touches passingly on them all. His pages contain enough hints for the making of an American Gorky.

Though he has come down to us from Elizabethan days, and further (Ovid mentions a vagrant's "jungles" fire somewhere in his poetry)—the tramp has increased little in artistic or literary merit. Nor has he been appreciated at his worth in a fuller, human sense. Not even the efforts of a London or a Gorky have been enough to put him on his feet. And this is because of his extreme individualism. He stands alone, and subject to easy attack from all sides. Hence, he is generally misrepresented. And chiefly on two counts: first, that he is habitually unclean in person; secondly, that he won't work.

Now the hobo is as difficult as Proteus to lay hold of. He is here today and gone tomorrow. The jail might forcibly retain him, the flop house in the "main stem" or big city afford him lodging through the winter, but it is only in his "jungles" that he unbends himself socially, so to speak. For what the saloon is to the literati, the Latin Quarter restaurant and studio, to the bohemian, the "jungles" is to the tramp. . .

A "jungles" or tramp-rendezvous, may be found near almost any town of fair size near a railroad. It is usually located just outside the city limits so as to reduce to a minimum hostile visitations by the local police or by railroad detectives. It is, as a rule, located in a place where there is running water—a brook or river—and a few bushes or willows on which to hang clothes to dry. And if there is a city dump near, that makes the location more advantageous; for then there are sure to be found old wash boilers, tins, and other articles of discarded hardware that lie about—that, scoured and scrubbed with sand and water, may be used for cooking and washing.

Dropping off his freight, the newly arrived tramp comes here to meet with his fellows, to relax among his own kind; to gather in and to impart the latest "news" about what is happening in his world. And, if he needs to "boil up," soon his shirt is off his back and simmering in a boiler over the camp fire; and soon it hangs, clean and white, on nearby bushes, drying in the sun. Then off go his other parts of clothing to be submitted to a like process. The river or brook itself suffices for his bath.

He shaves, sometimes with a razor, sometimes with a piece of broken bottle. For glass, if fractured properly, affords as keen an edge as any razor, and the tramp is discouraged from carrying the latter because it is held a dangerous weapon in all local courts; and if he is frisked and one is found on him, its possession might procure him a stiff jail-sentence where otherwise he'd stand a chance of going free.

Of course, riding in dirty boxcars, sleeping anywhere he can, often thrown into jails which the authorities themselves keep like pest holes, the hobo cannot hope to preserve the sterilized and unnatural state of body-cleanness that those employed in city offices maintain. And, for that matter, neither can the day-laborer nor any of the men who do the work of the world on farm and ship, in warehouse and in factory. But they can and do wash up after each day's toil is ended—just as the tramp "boils up" in his "jungles" after a jaunt on the "road."

Of course there are body-vermin that can never be entirely avoided. But neither could the soldier and lesser officer in the War avoid them. But as soon as he finds them in his clothes, the hobo hurries to "boil up" again, just as the soldier put himself through the de-lousing process.

Now for the second count—that he won't work.

I grant that there are a small body of tramps, a minority, who won't work. And I don't blame them, when I consider the treatment handed out to those who do. Theoretically to labor with the hands is considered as honorable; actually is not considered as honorable. Leisure class concepts still dominate humanity, despite the Bible, Emerson, Samuel Smiles and the precepts of Dr. Crane, and I don't see why a bum hasn't as much right to go by leisure class

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principles as the looked-up-to Leisure Classes themselves.

But the majority of tramps! If it were not for the thousands and thousands of hoboes who beat their way about the States employed at casual labor, who would save the millions of acres of wheat spread ripe for harvest all the way from Texas to North Dakota? Who would husk the corn of Nebraska and Minnesota, pick the oranges of California and Florida? Who would fill the construction camps where new railroads are going through, or fell and saw up the timber from Maine to Oregon and Washington?

Yet small thanks the hobo gets for all his toil. He has no political representation, because no residence for a vote. After his work is done he is harried about by the town "clowns" or local police, and by the railroad "bulls" or detectives. He is thrown into filthy jails that it would be a hardship for a dog to quarter in, fined for vagrancy by the Justice who eats of the wheat and corn he has helped thresh or husk. He is lectured prosily by the self-righteous magistrate on his duties as a citizen before being sent up to the work house or sentenced to the county farm or road gang, or worse, as we have recently seen—farmed out to private contractors.

I am glad that Nels Anderson looks the Hobo humanly in the face as he deals with his life and his problems.

HARRY KEMP.

The Ganges and the Harlem

Caste and Outcast, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

BECAUSE he was born in India and lived there as a boy, Mr. Mukerji's publishers proclaim he knows the East as no Westerner can ever know it. Because he has lived also in this country they believe he knows America. But residence is small aid to understanding. Indians have written dull books on India. Certainly the worst of all books about America have been written by Americans. Mr. Mukerji writes well about both East and West because he has insight into human nature irrespective of its habitat.

From time immemorial the Mukerjis have been guardians of a village temple near Calcutta. They are high-caste Brahmins: the father, in this case, a poet rather than a priest—the mother a woman of culture despite the fact that she could neither read nor write; "being of the old school, she considered that anyone who could count beyond a hundred was too forward to be a lady." The boy's first memories were of his mother. Then the jungle. Sometimes he asked questions of his father. What is music? "I don't know," would be the answer, "but I think this. Once on a time there were nine stars and one of them was attracted by the life of the world and fell away to come to earth. No one knows what happened, but it lost itself in everything that lives. From time to time it cries out to the other eight stars; that is music."

Hindu folklore, holy men who begged for alms at cross-roads, the young boy himself become a priest—"because, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, to be a man and bless others is rather an alluring idea"—then long marches as a pilgrim and the dawn of a self-consciousness that began to question priesthood: that is the background from which young Mukerji comes west in quest of knowledge. What he finds is a wide land with a sharp taste of freedom in the air: "not freedom from politicians, not freedom from economic conditions, but freedom from the dead."

No creed has a stronger hold on our imaginations than the creed that East is East and West is West; that something mystic and intangible divides them; that never in this vale of tears shall two such hostile cultures meet. Many men have helped to write that creed: some of them believing it, others wanting to. Tourists who like to feel that they have crossed the thirtieth meridan into strange unworldly climes. Poets who exploit to the last bouncing couplet the white man's burden and the aboriginee. Traders who want to think that the Oriental is a child-like creature congenitally unfit to rule himself—that he needs the guiding hand of an alien government to relieve him of the burden of his copper mines and oil-fields. "You can't expect to understand an Oriental," they will tell you. From a dozen different sources you are taught to think of him in terms of something from the psychic zoo. Not often does he appear an ordinary mortal like ourselves, worried by the cost of living, wondering what to do on Sunday afternoons.

East has its differences from West, of course. But Mr. Mukerji is not one of those interpreters who summons a theory of two different human natures to explain them. So far as his own country is concerned, geography and climate interest him a good deal more. India is a steaming plain; fever carries off four million people every year. "We live with death on more intimate and friendly terms." There follows a substantially different sense of time. The East feels it matters less, or matters not at all. Unnecessary hardship, superstition, caste. Take a humbler instance:

> People who live in the country usually have a trained mongoose or a peacock about the house to protect them from the snakes. To solve the problem of getting the peacocks home, they have cultivated the drug habit in the birds. At a certain time of day the peacock is given a grain of opium: thus, no matter where it may be, when that time arrives it will come home begging for opium. . . . The Eastern mind has found an easy way of bringing the birds home.

In the West, as Mr. Mukerji suggests, we should probably abolish the peacocks, exterminate the snakes, and paint the cornices of our buildings in peacock feathers if we wanted color. In India no one will go to so much trouble. It is different, certainly. We shouldn't want it. But the sun is different. And the fever.

Will the factors that make men slaves of climate and tradition remain as they are forever? Mr. Mukerji does not suggest an answer. But certainly too much has already happened in the tropics for any man to feel quite safe in saying that they will.

The West has something it can give the East. Nor need that East which gave the world its four great Teachers remain the new world's debtor.

C. M.

From a Russian Prison

Unfinished Tales from a Russian Prison. By Marguerite E. Harrison. Doran. $2.00.

DESPITE her opinion of Soviet rule, Marguerite Harrison is faithful, one may believe, to the human beings, all of them women, who lived for a time with her and revealed their histories in the Cheka prison. Prison has the virtue of stripping their pretenses from people. To the common level of humanity Marguerite Harrison evidently surrendered herself, arresting with economical and vivid words the flavor of person of a Czarist dancer,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aristocrat, woman camp follower, sentimental Finn, Jewess, Turk, young girls caught in the whirlpool of the war; retelling their terrible or whimsical stories while she reserves her comment for the last. "I had been physically a prisoner but in other ways had been free, with a freedom such as I had never known before. All the petty conventions and limitations that had bound me in the past had been swept away——all prejudices of race and class, of caste and tradition. I had found what the dreamers, idealists, fanatics and opportunists in the Kremlin had been looking for in vain—the true International." That is much for a writer to claim: fellowship in the complete communism of suffering and human sympathy. Yet by her own account she found nobility in the despised, comedy in the mean, unflagging interest and sympathy for all the strange figures passing through her prison room, whose unfinished stories were terminated by their departure for destinations unknown. It is relief to read these simple, journalist's pictures. They are in strong contrast with what passes for art among our editors, the dope of fiction by which industrialized society seeks to hide from itself that life is sudden, tragic and vast. This book reminds one that journalism has contained the dignity of the most renowned names in European literature; and that for a sentient human being words may still recall something of the magic horror of existence. Life will continue to be stranger than fiction, for all fiction is derived from it, however remotely. Possibly some of the sketches Marguerite Harrison was tempted to embellish by dramatizing the living situation. But she gives the feeling of reality, of an endeavor to be exact and reverent in face of life. She suggests that prison is a relative term: that she in the Soviet jail found release from the prisons in which many people still confine their minds and souls, in the illusion that an automobile and comfortable income can take the place of the attempt to see truly and to understand humanity.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN.

American Opinion of Germany

The Transformation of American Sentiment towards Germany, 1870-1914, by Clara Eve Schieber. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Company. $3.00.

THIS book by Dr. Schieber represents an ingenious and generally successful attempt to portray the changes in the attitude of the United States towards Germany since the Franco-Prussian War, in so far as this transformation has been reflected in newspaper editorials and comments. The work begins with an excellent analysis of American journalistic comment on the Franco-Prussian War, which amply proves that, with few exceptions, the American press was arrayed against France, believed Napoleon the aggressor, and considered the Treaty of Frankfort not especially oppressive. There was little mourning on this side of the Atlantic over the "Lost Provinces," which many American journals at the time regarded as historically belonging more rightfully to Germany than to France. This opening chapter is unquestionably the most illuminating and original one in the book and disposes effectively of a recently developed but powerful myth.

The remainder of the book is devoted primarily to tracing the change in American sentiment from a dominant friendliness towards Germany in 1870 to one of rather marked antipathy in 1914. The analysis is concentrated chiefly on the expression of newspaper opinion upon the most notable episodes in which Germany and the United States came into conflict from 1870 to 1914, namely, the Samoan incident, the clashes in China, the Dewey-Diederichs affair in Manila Bay, and the diplomatic conflicts in the Caribbean area and Latin America. There is also included a chapter on the relation of certain aspects of German policy since 1870, particularly the growth of German militarism and the Kaiser's public utterances, to the change of American attitude, and another based on the results of a questionnaire sent to some representative American citizens requesting a statement of their opinion of the American attitude towards Germany in 1914. The fact that this was sent out early in 1919 would, of course, to a large degree invalidate the trustworthiness of the replies. Another chapter tells the interesting story of the German recognition of this shifting of American sentiment to one of hostility towards Germany, and the resulting efforts to stem the tide of anti-German opinion in America, such as the gift of the statue of Frederick the Great, the visit of Prince Henry, and the establishment of the exchange-professorships.

It is obvious that so large a reliance upon newspaper material alone makes it impossible for the author to tell more than a part of the story. There are large areas of significant public opinion which are not accurately reflected by newspaper reports, comments or editorials. Further, the book needs to be paralleled by a study of the details of German-American diplomacy, such as is supplied in Dr. Jeannette Keim's Forty Years of German-American Political Relations. Again, a study of German-American commercial and investment rivalry is most illuminating, as Dr. Keim has shown. Yet, in spite of incompleteness, much of which the author frankly acknowledges, the book proves a real and significant transformation of American attitude towards the German Empire, and opens up a field of reflection and discussion which no intelligent student of recent American history or American foreign policy can afford to ignore. It is the first of a series of studies of a similar nature and scope, designed to deal with the trend of American opinion towards the major modern states, which are being directed by Prof. George H. Blakeslee. It is to be hoped that the rest of the group will be completed and brought to public attention.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Contributors

FERDINAND SCHEVILL, for many years professor in modern history at the University of Chicago, has recently spent several months in the Southern Tyrol. His most recently published book is The History of the Balkan Peninsula.

R. H. TAWNEY, distinguished British economist and writer, is author of The Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century, English Economic History, etc.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, who has spent several years in New Mexico and has an intimate knowledge of the Pueblo Indians, is the author of several books on the subject. A new book by her will be brought out in the fall by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

THE AUTHOR of Academic Freedom prefers to write under a pseudonym.

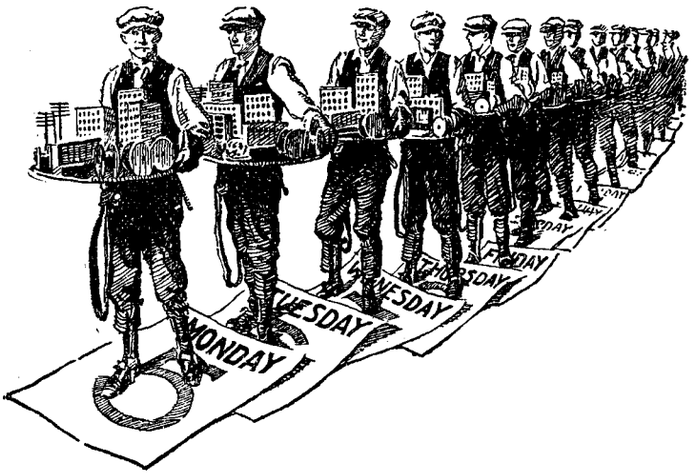
HERBERT S. GORMAN is associate editor of the New York Times Book Review, and is the author of The Barcarole of James Smith.

HARRY KEMP is the author of numerous poems and an autobiography, Tramping on Life.

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN is the author of The Negro Faces America, and has been engaged in journalism for many years.

HARRY ELMER BARNES is professor of the history of thought at Clark University and a member of the teaching staff of the New School of Social Research. He is the author of The Social History of the Western World.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Construction Day by Day

So great and so constant is the growth of demand for telephone service that the Bell System invests throughout the country an average of three-quarters of a million dollars every working day for new telephone plant.

New aerial lines are always under construction or extension, new subways are being dug and cables laid, larger building accommodations are under way, more switchboards are in process of building or installation, and added facilities of every description being mustered into service to care for the half million or more new subscribers linked to the System every year.

This nation-wide construction, this large expenditure of funds, could not be carried out efficiently or economically by unrelated, independent telephone organizations acting without co-operation in different sections of the country. Neither could it be carried out efficiently or economically by any one organization dictating from one place the activities of all. In the Bell System all the associated companies share common manufacturing and purchasing facilities which save millions of dollars annually. They share scientific discoveries and inventions, engineering achievements, and operating benefits which save further millions. But the management of service in each given territory is in the hands of the company which serves that territory and which knows its needs and conditions.

By thus combining the advantages of union and co-operation with the advantages of local initiative and responsibility, the Bell System has provided the nation with the only type of organization which could spend with efficiency and economy, the millions of dollars being invested in telephone service.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

A TRAVEL SERVICE

for

New Republic Readers

THE Travel Season is now upon us with all its pressing questions and problems: "Where am I going to go," or "how am I going to go" is the question you will ask to have answered.

If you address the question to us, irrespective of whether you think of travelling in the Old World or the New, in this country or another, you can count upon an answer.

TRAVEL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
The New Republic,
421 West 21st Street, New York City

Brentano's Inc. NEW YORK 5th Ave at 27th ST
Booksellers to the World
Mail-Telephone-Cable-Telegraph
ALL BOOKS ALL LANGUAGES
New York-Chicago-Washington-London-Paris

MY SUMMER PLACE, very lovable, near high mountains, altitude 1000 feet, unsurpassed view, modernized old house and sleeping porches for 12 and servants. Modern barn. Swimming pool. Tennis court of highest grade. Neighbors of culture and distinction. Acreage up to 300. With 57 acres (10 arable) $12,000. Furniture extra. See before September 8. C. G. Hoag, Tamworth R. F. D., N. H. Phone, "Tamworth 4-33."

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!
We have over 1,000,000 (Secondhand and New) on every conceivable subject in stock. On approval. Also Rare Books and Sets o fAuthors. Catalogues free. *Mention requirements. Commissions executed*
FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

THE OJAI VALLEY SCHOOL, OJAI, CAL. (Near Santa Barbara)
An Elementary Boarding and Day School of nine grades only for boys ad girls.
GUDRUN THORNE-THOMSEN, Principal.
EDWARD YEOMANS, Assistant.
Address—Edward Yeomans, Westport Point, Mass.

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED